



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



1847 F. 61. 5 (2)

HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

Bought from the gifts  
of  
Friends of the Library





**CROCKFORD'S**  
**OR**  
**LIFE IN THE WEST**

*Just Published,*

*In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 11. 11s 6d.*

## **TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS.**

By the Author of "*Holland Tide.*"

"For touches of genuine pathos, simplicity, and most highly-wrought interest, we make question if any thing of the kind ever took precedency of these stories: no, not even excepting those of Scott himself; and their effect must be to raise their young Author high in the rank of illustrious names, now securely established in the records of literature, and highest of all in the annals of precocious genius."

"We cannot help saying, that we consider these *Tales* as among the most deeply interesting of contemporary romances."

"They place their Author on a level with the most spirited painters of national manners in our language."—*Vide Literary Gazette, Weekly Review, Times, Atlas, Traveller, &c. &c.*

# CROCKFORD'S

OR

## LIFE IN THE WEST

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO THE RIGHT HON.

ROBERT PEEL, M. P.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THIRD EDITION.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS & OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1828.



18478.615(3)

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
THE GIFT OF  
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

Exp 20, 1929

LONDON:

PRINTED BY LOWE AND HARVEY,  
*Playhouse Yard, Blackfriars.*

1226  
54-57  
52-2

# CROCKFORD'S:

OR,

LIFE IN THE WEST.

---

## CHAPTER I.

SIR Walter Mortimer pursued his journey to Cheltenham, with feelings of the liveliest disgust, for most of the persons he had just left, which arose as much from their characters, as from the conversation he was obliged, while in their company, to listen to, which fully confirmed the representations Mr. Cleveland had made.

The baronet staid the night at the Plough, and left at ten o'clock the next morning for the Well-house, where he expected to meet

the noble and amiable family of Meadowdale, well satisfied with the attentions, civility, and entertainment he met with at that spacious hotel. He found the noble family occupying the private dwelling, a short distance from the Well-house, belonging to the establishment.

The baronet's reception was warm and cheering in the extreme. Lady Eliza's countenance beamed health and vivacity. Her ladyship had been out daily, sometimes with the family party, at others only with Lord Upland, taking the most delightful rides about the high and picturesque hills of Malvern, by which she had obtained an increase to her health, spirits, and loveliness.

Sir Walter, on the following day, was just about to leave the Well-house, to pay a morning visit and take a ride over the hills with the marquis's family, when his valet presented him with a parcel, just arrived from Cheltenham. It contained some letters from different friends, and a communication from Mr. Cleve-

land, which in the evening he produced and read.

### SKETCH No. V.

#### *Pugilism.—A Cross.*

*Kensington Gardens on a Sunday, in the early part of July, 18—. Lord Hulse, Mr. Friske, M. P., and Captain Welldone, arm-in-arm.*

Lord Hulse.—“How cursed dull every thing is, not a soul in town,” at the same time exchanging “how d’ye do’s” with his acquaintances right and left.

Mr. Friske.—“Not a sowl,—not a sowl. Bee J—s there’s nothing to be done at hall, at hall. Ware it not for a little chicken hazard at Crockford’s, now his bank is closed,\*

\* Crockford ceases to put down a bank from July to October, “we are closed for the saison,” (as he himself says,) when he allows the *sharp* and *flat* members to play at any game they like among themselves.

bee the poors, I should parish with enwee,"  
("ennui.")

Lord Hulse.—"Ah! ah! ah! You speak French with such perfection, Friske, that I'll make interest to get you appointed ambassador to the French court, on the next vacancy."

Captain Welldone, leading away from the fashionable walk.—"I say, Hulse, I tell you what I've been thinking of. Now that we can command a little of the ready, we might get up a fight between two crack-men upon the cross."

Lord Hulse.—"I don't think it would answer well. So many crosses have been fought of late, that the eyes of the public are too much open to them. Fights have become so disreputable, that no gentlemen can be seen having a hand in them. The day, I'm afraid, is quite gone by, for any good to be done by them."

Captain Welldone.—"The champion's belt, since Tom Spring's time, has been in purga-

tory. To have a contest for it now, would be some novelty, and excite such interest, that a few might be induced to drop their money."

Lord Hulse.—"Who would you get to fight for it?"

Captain Welldone.—"We would soon find some one. I met Bill Wack'em last Thursday at the Tennis Court. He seems on the 'low toby.' He told me he wanted to be doing something, but he could get no backers, on account of the cross he fought with 'goggle-eyed Sawney' not being well managed."

Lord Hulse.—"Ah! they do these things so bunglingly and impudently that they have ruined the prize-ring. Those milk-and-water crosses for ten and twenty sovereigns too, have played hard with all good things, by their frequent recurrence. But do you think Bill would be true and keep his tongue still?"

Captain Welldone.—"A little of the precious metal would cause it to cling to the base

of his mouth. Besides he must, or he would get no one to back him again."

Lord Hulse.—"The scarcity of first-rate boxers, and the state of the championship may create a little stir about a topping match; therefore, we'll see Bill to-morrow, and in a short drive, sound him upon the subject."

Captain Welldone at night, went round to Tom Cribb's, Jack Randall's, and other sporting public houses, in search of Bill Wack'em; at length, he fell in with him at Tom Belcher's, where he was smoking his pipe, and quenching his thirst with large draughts of *heavy*. The captain took a seat, produced a segar, and had a glass of brandy and water. Bill espied him, and soon approached his table.

Captain Welldone, extending his hand to shake the thick, clumsy, and dirty one of Bill's,—“How are you, Bill?”

Bill Wack'em.—“How are you, master?”

Captain Welldone.—“Sit down, Bill. What are you drinking?”

Bill Wack'em.—“ Heavy vet, master. Vill you drink vith me?”

Captain Welldone.—“ Here's better luck to you, Bill,” drinking out of a pewter pot. “ Give me your hand, Bill, you're a d—d fine fellow. It's a pity you don't do better. What will you take?”

Bill Wack'em.—“ You are wery good. Some brandy and vater, master.”

Captain Welldone.—“ Tom, serve Bill Wack'em with a stiff glass of brandy and water.”

Tom Belcher.—“ Directly, your honour.”

Bill Wack'em.—“ Ah! master, if I had any one to back me, I would start for champion. Vhy I threw my last master over, vas, because he didn't offer me enough, and vasn't libal. But I have been sorry for it never since.”

Captain Welldone.—“ If I could be sure you would now be true, I would try to persuade Lord Hulse to take you up.”



Bill Wack'em.—“ May\* — — me, — and —, but I'd do the thing vhat's right. I'm — if you may not depend upon me.”

Captain Welldone.—“ Well, don't say a word to any one. Be about the first turnpike on the Uxbridge road, at one o'clock to-morrow without fail, and we'll see if we can't make up a match for you.”

Bill Wack'em.—“ I'll be punctal, master.”

Captain Welldone put into Bill's hand a sovereign, and took his leave.

Bill Wack'em, aloud.—“ I have some good uns vhat vill back me yet; I'll fight any man in England for three or five hundred pounds, and there's a sowereign;” throwing down pompously that the captain had just given him “ in earnest.”

Ike Smith.—“ Vy I nose a chap as 'ull vap you, and give you a stun and a half.”

\* The horrible and disgusting imprecations so much used among these fellows, are, of course, omitted.

Bill Wack'em.—“None of your chaffing, Ikey, else I'll give you a topper.”

Ike Smith.—“Vy, there's big Stork, and your old pal, 'goggled-eyed Sawney,' vhat vapped you like a child tother day, ready for you at any time, ven you can find the 'rag.'”

Bill Wack'em.—“You needn't talk, I'll find a school-boy as shall vap you.”

The next day Lord Hulse, accompanied by Captain Welldone and Mr. Friske, drove along the Uxbridge Road in a job carriage, and picked up Bill Wack'em. They continued the route, and at length drove down a by-lane to the left, till they came to an obscure public house, standing back from the road-side, where they stopped. According to their desire, they were ushered into a private room. Wine and cold lamb were soon after served up.

Lord Hulse.—“Come, Bill, take a glass of wine. I'm d—d sorry to see you look so seedy. It's time you did something for yourself, and recovered your fame. If you can

make a good match and do the right thing, I'll come forward with the bustle. Act like a man this time, I'll always stand by you, and you shall never want a friend."

Bill Wack'em.—" I nose vhat sarvice a good friend is to von of our professun, so —— and ——, if I don't do my best for you vich-ever vay you like, master."

Captain Welldone.—" I said you would, Bill."

Lord Hulse.—" Well, I want you to fight a good cross. You must stand a little more beating than you did the last time, Bill, so as to make a good thing for yourself, and future confidence with the fancy. It must appear a neck and neck heat between you—any body's battle; you understand me, Bill?"

Mr. Friske.—" It must be done naitly, or not at hall, Bill."

Bill Wack'em.—" It shall, masters."

Lord Hulse.—" You must work it into fifty or sixty rounds, and be a good hour before

you give in. Don't let any one know who are your backers. You shall have two hundred pounds for losing. That, besides what you'll make in other quarters, will set you up again, and we'll then make another match for you."

Bill Wack'em.—"I'm much obliged to you, masters; I'll do any thing to sarve you. I'll come to the scratch in such fine style, that it shall puzzle the devil to see it's a cross."

Lord Hulse.—"You set-to to-morrow for a benefit, Bill, don't you?"

Bill Wack'em.—"I do, and I'll take the shine out of the best of um."

Lord Hulse.—"I suppose you can make a short speech, Bill?"

Bill Wack'em.—"I shall be floored at that, master."

Lord Hulse.—"Announce as well as you can then, that you challenge any man in England for one or two hundred pounds, and that your friends are ready to stake. A few para-

graphs in the newspapers\* shall follow, which will tend to awaken a general interest upon the event: but mind, Bill, you must be as secret as the grave. 'You are d—d badly off for blunt, I suppose?"

Bill Wack'em.—“ That I am, master. I've all my things up the spout,” (pawnbroker's.)

Lord Hulse.—“ Well, here are nine pounds, which make ten with what Welldone gave you yesterday. Now make a better appearance.”

The party then ordered the *job* carriage, and returned to town. Bill Wack'em was put down near the spot where he was taken up. He went round that evening to all the sporting public houses westward, and announced with all the swagger and bluster peculiar to the “ heroes of the fist,” that he was open to fight

\* It is not intended by this, to charge any portion of the press with lending its influence willingly to the plunder of the public; but it may serve to show, that it is made the dupe of to farther the nefarious and knavish plans of the vilest and lowest set of vagabonds that ever disgraced a country.

any man for two or five hundred sovereigns, and "post the pony."

Two days after, the following account of the benefit at the Five's Court, appeared in various newspapers :

" SPARRING BENEFIT.

" Yesterday there was a pretty strong muster of the fancy at the Five's Court, for the benefit of that 'out and out good un,' Gills, the 'Wapping Youth.' On account of the expectation that a match would be made or announced for the championship, it was a bumper. These expectations proved, in some degree, well founded. After some excellent sets-to, and before the Wapping Youth mounted to return thanks to his friends for their support, Bill Wack'em, who set-to the last, and showed the perfection to which the pugilistic science could reach, stepped forward amid the waving of beavers and a tumultuous uproar of applause. As soon as the master of the ceremo-

nies obtained order, Bill doffed his castor, and said,

‘GEMON,—I’m not much gifted with the gab, but I stans here to challenge any man in all England, for two or five hundred sowereigns aside. I vants the champion’s belt, but let him wear it as proves himself the best man. I means fighting for it, and nothing else.’

“ This eloquent speech was hailed with three rounds of cheers. The best days of the prize-ring could not surpass in interest, what this long-wished-for occurrence excited. We hail the pleasure it afforded to all the spectators, as a new dawn of the prize-ring sun, which the enemies to that manly sport say had set for ever.”

The challenge elicited the following letter to a sporting journal:

“ TO THE EDITOR OF ———.

“ *Castle Tavern, July 20th, 18—.*

“ I was out of town when Bill Wack’em

challenged all England at Gill's, the ' Wapping Youth's' benefit at the Five's Court last week. I am ready to accommodate him upon his own terms, but only for two hundred pounds. Had I been present, I would have embraced the offer at once, as I should consider it the happiest day of my life to enter the ring with him. If Bill is in right down arnest, my friends will be ready to put down a deposit of fifty sovereigns and sign articles, at eight o'clock on Monday evening next, at Tom Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, in Holborn. Your insertion of this letter in your admirable sporting journal will much oblige,

" Your humble servant,

" JACK FLOOR'EM."

As promised, paragraphs in the newspapers succeeded each other in rapid succession, but at due seasons.

*Morning paper, July 25th.*

" Last evening the Castle Tavern, Holborn,



was an unusually lively scene, being thronged to a stand still, by a pretty considerable muster of the fancy, to witness the drawing up of articles for the grand match between Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em for two hundred sovereigns aside, and the championship. This interesting event has already excited a great sensation. After a few preliminaries, the following articles were drawn up, and regularly signed and sealed.

‘ CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

*Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em.*

‘ Articles of agreement entered into this 24th day of July, 18—, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, between Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em.

‘ The said Bill Wack'em agrees to fight the said Jack Floor'em a fair stand-up fight, in a four-and-twenty foot roped ring, half-minute time, on Wednesday, the 20th of November, for two hundred sovereigns aside. In pur-

suance of this agreement, fifty sovereigns aside are now deposited in the hands of Mr. Belcher; a farther deposit of fifty sovereigns aside to be made at Tom Cribb's, in Panton Street, on Monday, the 12th of August; a third and last deposit of one hundred sovereigns aside, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Thursday, the 1st of October. The said deposits to be made between the hours of eight and ten in the evening of each day, or the money down to be forfeited by the party not prepared. The fight to take place not within one hundred miles, nor exceeding one hundred and thirty miles, of London, and the place of meeting to be decided by toss on the evening of the last deposit. Two umpires and a referee to be chosen on the ground, and in the event of a dispute, the decision of the latter to be conclusive.

‘BILL WACK’EM ✕ his mark.

‘JACK FLOOR’EM.’

‘Witness P. F.’

“ Upon the signed articles being read, which were loudly applauded, and amid the jingling of the *goldfinches*, Tom Belcher, who is fond of his joke, took up a bumper of his best *ruby*, and facetiously drank ‘may both of my friends win.’ This produced a roar of laughter. The rest of the evening passed off merrily. Each of the men is all confidence. *Five to four on Bill Wack’em.*”

*Morning paper, Aug. 13.*

“ BILL WACK’EM AND JACK FLOOR’EM.

“ A second deposit of fifty sovereigns aside was made last night agreeably to arrangement, upon this great match, at a sporting dinner at Tom Cribb’s, in Panton Street. Both the combatants were present. A certain *swell* sporting *nob* was in the chair. We never saw Bill Wack’em look better; he is resolved to correct the errors of the past. Upon the deposit money being put into the hands of Tom Belcher, who was present to receive it, the

chairman gave as a toast ' may the best man win,' which excited all round the best possible feelings. Confidence is evidently upon the rise. Some heavy bets were afterwards made at five to four on Bill. Givers and takers were quite greedy."

*Sunday paper, 5th Oct.*

" GRAND MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

" *Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em.*

" On the 1st inst. there was a strong party of the *swells* to dine at Tom Belcher's, who treated his friends in his usual good style, providing for them every thing of the best quality. The meeting took place in consequence of the articles stipulating that the third and final deposit upon this great match should be made on that evening. The *bustle* was forthcoming at the appointed hour. Both men were present on the occasion. Nothing could surpass the cordiality of the meeting. Bill drank Jack's health, and Jack drank Bill's health.

Their *mawleys*, which are destined to bruise each other's brows for the laurels of championship, were closely folded one in the other in the greatest friendship. The scene was peculiarly touching. 'Bravo Bill,' 'bravo, Jack,' resounded through the room. The parlour was crowded with the admirers of the separate combatants, anxiously hoping that every step which approached would bring the intelligence that the backers of each had come manfully up to the *scratch*, and made good the stakes. At length Tom Belcher, who is as ready to announce a good thing, as to be in one, immediately upon touching the last *flight of goldfinches*, descended to the lower regions to acquaint his customers of the *snuggery*, (who surrounded him as if ready to eat him the moment he appeared,) 'that all was right.' The momentous information—the magic sound—had scarcely been heard, ere a few persons immediately dispersed in all directions to communicate the news. 'Is Bill up-stairs?' 'is

Jack here?" were then the inquiries. 'Send them down, Tom; let's see the brave lads; tell them the place is crowded with their friends.' They soon after made their appearance. The joyous reception with which they were greeted was worthy of the days of Tom Cribb and Mollineux."

*Sunday paper, Oct. 12.*

"Bill Wack'em will be at the Magpie and Stump, on Wednesday evening, to take a parting glass with his friends, previously to his leaving town for active training."

*Morning paper, 17th Oct.*

"WACK'EM AND FLOOR'EM.

"These two 'heroes of the fist,' who will contend for the *belt*, are now training, the former at Salt Hill, and the latter at —'s park in Warwickshire. Wack'em already is beginning to look the better for the discipline he is undergoing, and his absence from the Saloon

and other *fashionable* resorts. He speaks with the utmost confidence of the result of the battle. His general health never was better, and he feels his strength improve daily. The odds remain steady at five to four on Bill, whose tremendous left-handers the *nobs* of those who have contended with him have well recorded. Both are full of *pluck*, and have fought many game battles. A good *slashing* fight is already *booked*. The knowing ones say *that it will be a trial for mastery and nothing else.*"

The farther reading of the Sketch was interrupted by the entrance of the footmen, bearing in the supper tray, and it was therefore put by for that evening.

## CHAPTER II.

THE following day was spent in a ride to the Camp Hill, going over Eastnor Castle, the seat of Lord Somers, and some pleasurable turns about the agreeable walks that have been formed up the sides of the hills, by the orders of the Countess of Harcourt, who for years has graced and patronized that neighbourhood with her presence.

When the happy party were assembled in the evening, the Marquis of Meadowdale, asked the favour of Sir Walter Mortimer to finish the sketch of the prize fight he commenced the night before. He immediately proceeded as follows.



This *great* and *interesting* match having thus run the gauntlet of the newspapers in town and country, (for what appeared in the London papers was, of course, copied into the country papers,) became the subject of public talk, and the "spiders" prepared themselves for action with the utmost speed. Some scoured the country, while others confined their operations to town. The real patronizers of the ring are the flats, who, by their certain losses to the sharps, enable the latter "hocus-pocus" like, to learn every move upon the board, and thus they universally bring the game to a *check* mate, to the certain loss of the former.

A certain great hellite,—in whose meteor-like career has perished many a victim, but unlike the sparks of that unnatural luminary which leave no trace behind, his train is marked with misery and despair, and who has *wormed* himself into great notoriety, not from his good, but his evil doings,—being a pretty good

judge of most matters, made a point of seeing Bill, before he left town for Salt Hill.

“ Hellite.—“ I say, Bill, you and I vas always very good friends,” putting a twenty pound note into his hand. “ Vich vay is it to be, Bill?”

Bill Wack'em knew before, that the hellite, as he proceeded onwards to eminence, was a *liberal* rewarder of a good piece of intelligence and could be depended upon.—“ You vas always, master, an out and outer. I shall do my best,” raising his left arm, pointing his thumb over his shoulder, and winking the eye on the same side, “ I can't do no more, you know, master.”

Hellite.—“ I'm very much obleged to you, Bill. If it comes off right, I'll make the sum fifty. Shake hands, Bill. Good day,—good day. But stay. Vho backs you, Bill, eh?” taking out his well-filled silk note case.

Bill Wack'em.—“ I mustn't tell that, but,” casting an eye to the note case, “ I knows you

is to be depended on,—Lord Hulse and his two *cronies*, to be sure.”

Hellite putting back his note case.—“ I’m wery much obleged to you, thank ye, thank ye,—good day, good day,—excellent. I make it fifty, if it’s all right.”

The hellite went away, fully assured that Bill would do his best to win,—*over the left*, and Bill cursed the hellite for deceiving his hopes.

It ought to be observed, that the flat who attempted it, would try in vain to obtain the *secret*, let him offer what money he might. His money would, of course, be received, but he would be wrongly informed, and some of the *spiders* would then be set upon him in order to *bleed* him freely, which operation he would readily engage to undergo, from the impression that he was betting upon true information.

Both Bill and Jack were plied by their mutual friends to obtain the *office*, as it is tech-

nically called. The latter announced with sincerity, that he would win if he could. In all great *crosses*, one of the men is kept in the dark, which was Jack's case, but the former, put many on the wrong scent, by invoking his God, with the most horrid imprecations, that it would be a trial of "who was the best man."

The movements of those who are always known to have the best information, are very closely watched by many others, who regulate their bets accordingly. The least knowing of these are often deceived and caught in their own net. The great spiders, being well aware that the way they bet is sharply observed by myriads of the minor reptiles, preserve a lofty and mysterious deportment, and make fictitious bets among themselves. The effects of all these proceedings develop themselves in many ways. The great ones are always afraid of a double cross, so they very seldom make any real bets with one another.

In fact, they never bet but upon feeling a certainty of winning, and flats might with as much chance lay that the day-light would not shine on the morrow, as to lay with these fellows upon any match whatever.

ONE TUN, JERMYN STREET.

*The commencement of November, when town begins to fill. Nine o'clock in the evening. A few of the "delite" in separate boxes,—some drinking wine and cracking filberts; others taking brandy and water and biscuits; and a few gentlemen interspersed about the boxes.*

The Hellite and Jem who have worked together for many years, and have been in many a good thing upon the turf, &c. during their time, in a box by themselves.

No. 1 Box.

Jem, in a whisper.—“Is Wack'em to be fully depended upon? He's a rum un, you know.”

Hellite.—“ Vy yes, I’ll pound it. I’ll bet a thousand sowereigns to a shilling it’s all right this time. His backers too fight shy. They don’t think that I nose them, but I does. I sees ’em taking all the hoddys they can against him, vich exakerly agrees vith Vackem’s shrug of the left to me.”

#### No. 2 Box.

Harry.—“ Your good health, Jem, and yours, sir. Are you heavy upon the fight, sir?” Harry was upon the “ pumping order.”

Hellite, answering from the box,—“ Not wery. I betts the hoddys. Any body shall have my book for a hundred.”

Jem.—“ I saw Wack’em fight the last battle. I never saw a man strip so well; his shoulders were as broad as a dray horse’s. He must win if he doesn’t throw a chance away. He weighs near a stone heavier than Floor’em.”

## No. 3 Box.

Gentleman.—“ Wait-here, bring me a see-gair, and the Globe and Traveller.”

Waiter.—“ A segar, sir?”

Gentleman.—“ A segar, fellowe? No,—*segars* are manufactured in Aldersgate Street, *seegairs* at A-van-a, therefore, bring me a genuine trans-at-lan-tic seegair A-van-a.”

## No. 1 Box.

Hellite, in a whisper.—“ Vy that's Foppery. What can bring him here I vonder? I have not been able yet to know how his pulse beats about this here fight. Let's draw him out, Jem.” Aloud to Jem, “ vill you take, sir, my five ponies to four on Vack'em?”

Jem.—“ I back Vack'em myself. But as I have rather more on it than I wish, I should like to be relieved of a part, so I'll take you, sir.”

Hellite.—“ Done, sir.” (Books out, bet entered.) It may not be amiss to mention, once for all, that sporting men enter a real bet on

one side, and a *gammoning* one on the other, or make a distinguishing mark at the time of entering, when real and deceptive bets follow each other, on the same side.

Jem.—“ I’ll bet you three thousand to one, that the favourites for the fight, and the Derby, don’t both win.”

Hellite, taking out his betting book.—“ Let me see how I stand for the Darby.” To himself, “ taken ewen five thousand, four horses against the field from Lord —; seventeen hundred to one against Twaddle, from the Earl of —; betted seven thousand to two against Commander, the favourite, vith Mr. —; betted an ewen two thousand, Twaddle against Fiddle-de-de, vith Sir —; an ewen five hundred, Twaddle against Snooks, &c. &c. &c.” Aloud, “ I’ll tell you vhat I’ll do vith you, I’ll take your thirty-five hundred to ten, if that will suit you, sir.”

Jem.—“ It’s a bet.” (Books out again, bet entered.)



## No. 3 Box.

Hon. G. Foppery.—“How-de-der, gentlemen?” to the hellite and Jem. “I have just arrived from Doncaster. I lost fifteen hundred at the ‘rooms,’” a place for English hazard, during race week, so called.

Hellite.—“Wery heavy play there, sir. I vas a considerable loser at one time myself, but I brought myself nearly home; I am only out a couple of hundred.\* Lord K——, lost deep.”

Hon. G. Foppery.—“I have a great idea of this fight. All the knowing ones, I’m informed, are backing Wack’em. I think he must win, myself. I see by Tattersall’s list in the paper, that the odds upon him are five to four, and that a great deal of money is laid out upon him.”

\* It is scarcely necessary to mention, that hellites, universally, will never allow that they win. *O, no, they don’t make money, not they.*

Hellite.—“ It vill be a great battle. I have a grēat deal on it. It vill be a fair fight. Vack'em must do his best, or he vill never be count'nanced again. I'd take hodd's, that Floor'em is beat in twenty rounds.”

No. 4 Box.

*Two Gentlemen, friends, together.*

1st. Gentleman.—“ What odds do you want, sir ?”

Hellite.—“ A thousand sovereigns to one hundred.”

1st. Gentleman.—“ Done, sir.”

Hellite, (this being a bet he did not mean to make.)—“ Stop, sir, a moment, if you please,” then turning to Jem and winking, “ I'll give you the refoosel, if you please, sir, as I have betted with you before.”

Jem.—“ I'll bet them, sir.”

Hellite.—“ Done, sir.” To the gentleman of No. 4 box ; “ no bet vith you, sir.” (Book out, bet entered.)

Hon. G. Fopperry.—“ I'll bet five hundred to four on Wack'em.”

Hellite, in a whisper.—“ Take it, Jem, and ve go halves.”

Jem.—“ It's a bet, sir.” Book out, and at last a real bet entered.

Two or three legs, only half awake to things, and did not know that the Hellite and Jem were old cronies, took the whole scene literally, and related it in many circles, by which a great number of persons were made to believe that Wack'em was being backed heavy by the tip-tops, and were induced to follow so good an example. Many of these fell a prey to the better judges, who picked them up as they came in their way. Some others present, who knew all the parties well, could easily sift a real bet from an “ all gammon” one, and could dive beneath the surface, were thus enabled to know how things were going on, and how to work in the web accordingly, by which the flies fell aisily (as Mr. Friske would say,) into

their clutches. At all sporting places in town and country, the spiders were every where in motion.

Those of Fishmonger's Hall were very active. All the bets that were offered on one side were taken to a very considerable amount, but individually, and in a private manner, with which the French hazard bank had no concern, though, of course, much to the increase of the riches of the separate proprietors and their creatures, who followed the style of effecting their plunder, chalked out to them by their superiors.

The gaming web here is of the closest texture, but its fibres can easily be discerned *extending over the seats and property of the rich and noble of the land*. The large *blue* bottle, the *green* bottle, the useful and industrious bee, and other "flies" of the like kind, are seen, without the aid of a magnifying glass, with their legs and wings entangled in its fatal lines, and the "working spiders" dragging

them by the motion of their long and forked limbs to the great focus of all—the grand Pandemonium, where there are many others of the same sort already, with the intricate web fast binding their wings, and nearly obscuring their bodies, and the great reptiles griping at their necks, while the bodies of most are convulsed and writhing in misery.

The trio, Lord Hulse, Mr. Friske, and Captain Welldone, who concocted the whole, were very active, as a matter of course, in every quarter, and to them also “all was fish that came to net.” Upon comparing books, the bets obtained between the three collectively, amounted to upwards of four thousand pounds.

The time now fast approached for the great battle to take place.

*Morning paper, 18th Nov. 18—.*

“WACK’EM AND FLOOR’EM.

“——’s park, in Worcestershire, is the spot fixed upon for the great contest that will take

place between these ' great heroes of the fist,' for the championship and two hundred sovereigns aside, on Wednesday the 20th inst. Thousands from all parts have already moved off to the scene of action. Beds and accommodations are getting scarce. A guinea has been demanded and paid for a single bed for one night. Nothing can surpass the universal interest and stir this great match has created in all circles. The odds, within these few days, have got up to *six to four on Bill*; numerous betters, but few takers."

From Fishmongers' Hall, through other gaming-houses, down to the lowest pot-house, all exhibited a busy scene, up to the day, and on the day of fight.

Bill Wack'em was driven to the ground by Lord Hulse in a borrowed "four-in-hand."

The combatants met at the appointed hour, and the farce of the fight was enacted before multitudes of people. In the sixty-seventh

round, Bill Wack'em fell, apparently, through weakness from punishment. He was picked up, and placed upon his second's knee. Time was called in vain for the sixty-eighth round. An attempt to awaken one of the inhabitants of the "tomb of the Capulets" would have been as availing, as to rouse Bill. He had dropped his head upon his chest, as if he was in a complete state of insensibility. His body, neck, and face were besmeared all over, by a sponge which is used at fights, with the blood that flowed from his nose by a blow he received in the fifth round, which decided the bets laid upon first blood. His seemingly horrible plight deceived all the spectators but those previously acquainted with how the result was to be, who knew that the principal part was all "sham Abraham."

He was conveyed motionless to a public-house in a neighbouring village, which he fixed upon for his head-quarters for the occasion, and was immediately put to bed, inwardly

enjoying the sympathetic inquiries that were made in all quarters, of whether he was dead or not, which he overheard as he was being carried through the crowd. A person then visited him, who passed for a surgeon, in order to make the "denouement" of the piece more imposing, but who, in fact, was an old pal of Bill's, disguised in black clothes, to give him a professional appearance, and who, instead of bringing lancets and bottles of medicine, as it might be supposed he stood most in need of, brought a knife and fork, and bottles of *black strap*, (the sole restoratives he required, for he only received a few bruises,) for the two or three days necessary to lay up for the sake of appearances, to pass off merrily.

At all fights, which are considered of importance, there are those present not let into the *secret* at the onset, but who create a *secret* of their own. They come to the scene of action provided with well-trained pigeons, (the feathered tribe are here meant, for be it remember-



ed that there are other sorts of pigeons *trained* in a different manner, and even more necessary to be a party to the proceedings,) and which upon the issue of the fight taking place, are immediately sent upon the wing for London, with little billets attached to them, to communicate the most speedily to some of the "legs" who remain in town, for the purpose of working the early and secret intelligence to the best advantage. These also make a certain, and at times, a great harvest. Bets to the amount of thousands are often made in the evening of the day of the fight, when it takes place at a distance from town, from whence it is supposed the news cannot arrive under a given time. The rapidity with which a pigeon can fly, is too well known to require farther mention.

Gentlemen connected with the London press specially attend all great fights, and immediately upon their being over, come up as fast as a post-chaise and four can bring them, to

give the particulars in the next day's journal. Some persons who learn through this medium the result of the battle, often pick up a great deal of money before the facts become generally known.

On the evening of a fight, all sporting houses are thronged with the curious, and the fight-legs, who stumble upon many a good flat. The general mode of managing bets when the result is but partially known, and is against the favourite, is to bet the odds upon the *double event*, as it is called, which means, that the favourite on the fight and the first favourite horse for the Derby, don't both win. The battle being lost by the favourite on the fight, decides the wager at once in favour of the odds better.

On the day succeeding the fight there was a flaming account of the battle, occupying full two columns of the paper. The disgusting details may well be spared. Suffice it that the account stated, that at the commencement Bill

showed his superiority, and took the lead very satisfactorily to his backers. Odds upon him offered and taken. That towards the thirtieth round he began piping, as if in want of wind; that he complained of having received a blow under his ear in the thirty-fifth round, which he felt severely inwardly; that towards the sixtieth round he began to show great distress and severe punishment, and to limp from a hurt, he said he had received in a heavy fall in the twenty-sixth round. The odds fell down to even betting, and some few bets made. That from the sixtieth round his backers and friends cried out "take him away," and advised him to give in, as they were apprehensive of something serious from his deplorable condition; that in spite of all this, he came manfully *up to the scratch*, would not give in till nature gave him up, and stoutly proved himself game to the last; and that he was taken senseless from the ground, put to bed

and immediately bled, when he then showed symptoms of returning life, and not before.

As a winder-up of the whole, in the comments on the fight, it was stated that there never was a more determined rencounter; that it was Bill's battle up to the forty-fifth round, and after that to the sixtieth it was any body's battle; that after the sixtieth round there were no hopes for Bill; that Bill's backers expressed their conviction that he did his best, and they were well satisfied with him; that his heart was in the right place; and, finally, that by his manly conduct he had completely regained the confidence of the ring.

It was afterwards mentioned in a paragraph of a morning paper, that Bill Wack'em had arrived in town, exhibiting few marks from the *slashing* encounter, but complaining of the injuries he *inwardly* felt from the heavy blows he received in the middle of the fight.

Lord Hulse, Mr. Friske. M. P., and Cap-

tain Welldone cleared upwards of four thousand pounds, after deducting the two hundred sovereigns staked upon Bill Wack'em, the two hundred that were promised him, and the expenses of his going into training.

What the spiders of the "Hall" netted by the transaction must be left to be guessed at; but considering the vast opportunities that place affords upon all occasions of the like character, it must have been very considerable indeed.

Lord Hulse, in giving Bill Wack'em the two hundred sovereigns that were promised, said "Bill, you performed your part to admiration."

One of the minor crosses subsequently got up by the smaller fry, afforded the ring a great deal of amusement, and its mention will convey, probably, a little useful information.

One man was matched to lose a fight for twenty sovereigns aside. Two days before the fight, the other, who was kept in the dark, in regard to his opponent's intention, for a cer-

tain consideration also engaged to lose. During the fight, both being thus ignorant of the other's determination, they dealt with each other most tenderly, neither of them giving any decided blows. After fighting a respectable time, each was puzzled how to put an end to the contest with any degree of effect. At length, the one who first engaged to lose the battle, threw himself open to a blow, by widening his guard and pushing his head forward, when he saw his opponent about to strike. By this manœuvre he received, much to his satisfaction, a severe blow upon his *smeller*, which caused the *claret* to flow, and him to fall, apparently, heavily. The opportunity was not lost. He *could* not come to time. The other regretted that it had not been his fate to receive such a blow, as he also would have given in upon it.

“So here the whole secret is out about these prize fights,” said the Marquis of Mea-

dowdale, as Sir Walter Mortimer concluded the manuscript, "which are at once disgusting and brutalizing."

"The only arguments that are urged by the supporters of those barbarous exhibitions," said the baronet, "are, that they tend to nurture and confirm the national characteristic of intrepidity and boldness, and induce a resort to cuffs in momentary passion, instead of to deadly weapons, which are used on such occasions in some parts of the continent, where such things are unknown. But this reasoning is quite futile and ridiculous. This country was conspicuous for courage and enterprize long before boxing matches were ever thought of, and assassinating principles never formed a part in the composition of the people. They are only calculated," continued he with feeling, "to make a vast many men totally worthless, and a number of others complete bullies, ever ready to take advantage of a weak and inexperienced opponent."

“ They are also, it appears,” added the noble marquis, “ instruments of the most bare-faced robberies.”

A bottle of fine Herefordshire Perry was opened, with a goblet of which the baronet refreshed his palate, a little parched by reading, and which he pronounced as no bad substitute for champagne, for which, no doubt, it was frequently sold, and it would be well if no worse commodity were passed off for it.

Sir Walter now mentioned the man of mystery who haunted Portman Square, but all he could learn was, that he had frequently been seen by different branches of the family and of the household, but there was nothing known about him. Some of the servants upon rising in the morning, and opening the street-door, had often observed him seated upon the steps, where he might have remained throughout the night for aught they knew, but he always quickly retired when he found any one stirring about the house.



However, they all came to the conclusion that he was a very strange, but a perfectly harmless being, and no more was thought of the matter.

## CHAPTER III.

THE intense heat of the following day prevented the noble party from leaving the house. The Malvern Hills on one side have a South-east aspect, overlooking Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, and a vast extent of the most beautiful country, and on the other side to the South-west, there is an amphitheatre of hills of the most diversified and beautiful outline, that appear to swell, as pensive twilight spreads its mantle over the fading glow of a declining autumnal sun, into abutments, on which seems to rest the star-studded arch of heaven. To view from one of these hills the rising or the setting sun, is a splendid sight indeed.

VOL. II.

D

The day being so cloudless and sultry, the Marchioness of Meadowdale, who had recovered considerable strength by the short sojourn here, proposed taking an early dinner, for the purpose of enjoying a walk over the hills in the cool of the evening. The proposal was eagerly sanctioned by the rest of the family, all of whom were great admirers of the beauties of nature.

A footman was dispatched to Sir Walter Mortimer, to apprise him of their intention, and to invite his early attendance.

Soon after dinner, servants were ordered to take refreshments, &c. and to have every thing prepared for the reception of the noble party, upon the summit of the hill, celebrated for its "giant's cave." Here the happy party soon after assembled.

"If there is a time beyond all others," said the Marquis of Meadowdale after a while, which had been occupied, by one or the other, in directing the attention of the rest to this

or that delightful view, “when the mind of man can more particularly lift itself from the grovelling condition of its nature, and become more sensible of an Omnipotent Being, it must be upon beholding a glorious prospect like this. The infidel, in his heart, must say, ‘that there is a God.’”

The appearance of the scene, was indeed truly sublime.

The sun was visibly pursuing his course of beauty, towards the verge of the horizon, tinging the clouds with a golden hue, some of which were bursting into brightness, while others were gradually dwindling into imperceptible vapour; he had nearly run his arched course, when, increasing in size and majesty, the dark masses before him suddenly dissolved, and he broke upon the sight with his broad expanse of gold, shedding a richness over all nature, while the distant clouds seemed fired with his rays. At length, the ridge of the highest mountain appeared to open at his

touch, and receiving, by degrees, the glorious light within its bosom, the distant objects beneath faded to the view, apparently into mist.

The veil of night, which follows in his train, then spread wide its sable folds, thickening from the East, till a line of light and darkness fringed the West, giving the starry firmament its hour of glory. The silver moon, in pensive beams, then rose upon the scene, arrayed in looks of modesty, and shed a melancholy light upon the surrounding landscape.

The whole party were quite charmed with the heavenly evening, and they left the spot with reluctance to return to their dwelling, lit on their way by the soft rays of the mild luminary.

As they were descending one of the zig-zag walks, their progress was arrested by some instrumental music, which appeared to come from a thicket overhanging a declivity of con-

siderable depth, and to linger upon the air, for there was not a sigh of wind to disturb the sounds, or to bear them quickly away.

Their minds were peculiarly in a vein to receive the unexpected treat with infinite satisfaction. The instrument appeared to be the harp, the strings of which were evidently touched by a skilful hand. After playing two or three plaintive airs, the unseen musician ran over a short, but well-executed prelude, which was followed by a plaintive song of unrequited love.

The melody corresponded with the sentiments expressed in the words. The voice of the singer was remarkably soft, and possessed a deep spirit of pensiveness that at once rooted the attention, and charmed the heart. They waited some minutes in breathless silence, in the wish to hear the embowered songster again, but naught stole upon the stillness that prevailed, but the rippling noise of some small

rivulet, winding its uncertain course down the sides of one of the hills, until it reached its channel in the valley below.

The party now returned home with feelings of the most unmingled happiness, determined, while they remained at Malvern, to renew, as often as circumstances would admit, their visits to the hills.

“ These strolls,” observed the amiable marchioness, “ are as healthy to the mind as they are to the body.”

The following morning produced a small fold of papers from Mr. Cleveland to Sir Walter Mortimer, who embraced the opportunity in the evening to communicate their contents.

#### SKETCH No. VI.

CROCKFORD'S.—*Scene the Second.* “ *Ecarte.*”

*Lady Lawnshade's.*—*Twelve o'clock at night.*

The evening parties given by the Countess of Lawnshade were always of the most pleasing description. The Earl of Lawnshade

gratified his lively and amiable lady in every wish; and why? because her ladyship's wishes never exceeded their proper bounds. Their elegant mansion in Park Lane, was the resort of all that were conspicuous for their merit,—public or private,—for their rank, their riches, or their beauty. Hence the parties in Park Lane took the lead of all others that were given in high life, and to be at them, occasionally, was the ambition of the world, at least, of those persons who consider that in themselves they form the world, instead of only part of it, and some of them, the very worst part of it. Mr. Friske, M. P., therefore, over and over again had pressed Lord Hulse, who was first cousin to Lady Lawnshade, to introduce him to the family, which his lordship had hitherto avoided doing; but, at length, the introduction did take place, and, in consequence of which, Mr. Friske, in company with his noble friend, was at the assemblage on the evening, which is now more imme-



diately in question. Lord and Lady Lawnshade looked upon their relative as a very wild and dissipated man, but, beyond that, they surmised nothing. A range of five rooms were set apart for the entertainment;—a general reception and lounging room; a room of no marked character, but which may be styled—a conversation room; a music room; a card room; and a refreshment room, provided with all the dainties this dainty-getting metropolis could supply. After paying their compliments to the noble lord and lady who gave the splendid entertainment, Lord Hulse with his friend Mr. Friske, forsook the three first rooms, and confined themselves to the two last, as most likely to contain those more particularly suited to their views and pursuits. In this they could not be mistaken. The card room would disclose to their view those who evinced an eagerness for play, and the refreshment room those who were lovers of the bottle, who, at some other time, could be made to play.

“ Will you do me the favour, sir,” said Lord Hulse to a gentleman who was seated alone near a table covered with fruits, &c. “ to honour me by handing a couple of ices for myself and friend ? I would not give you so much trouble, but I am afraid I should disturb you much more, were I to reach for them myself.”

The gentleman, taking two glasses off a silver stand, “ With a great deal of pleasure, sir.” The footmen at the time were in other rooms.

It may not be amiss to observe, that even in small parties, persons are brought together who are not in the least degree acquainted, and who are only separately known to the inviter.

While his lordship and the honourable gentleman were taking their ices, the Earl of Lawnshade came into the room, being upon his rounds in order to see that his guests were well attended to, and had what they wished.

Lord Lawnshade, addressing the seated

gentleman who was also taking an ice, "Why, Clanalpine, how is this? instead of being in the way of melting hearts, you are in the way of melting ices: but I suppose you take the one to cool the inclination for the other. Lady Mary Wentworth's pretty eyes, have been searching in all directions for you in vain, and are melting too, but into tears, from over anxiousness and disappointment at not finding you." Lord Clanalpine smiled good-naturedly at the humour of his lordship.

Lord Charles Clanalpine, the brother of the Duke of Clanalpine, had long been paying his addresses to Lady Mary Wentworth, a beautiful girl of sixteen, the third daughter of the Earl of Primrose, and common report gave out, that shortly they would be married.

Lord Hulse.—"The ices, Lawnshade, are delicious."

Lord Lawnshade, going away.—"I am glad you find them so."

Lord Hulse.—“ My cousin of Lawnshade knows how to give an entertainment, and to make every one feel at home, better than any man in England.”

Mr. Friske.—“ That ez a vary true obsarvation, my Lord Hulse. The Hairl of Lawnshade does a vary thing so alagantly and naitly, bee the poors, hez lordship ez tha most accomplished nobleman in tha thray kengdoms.”

Lord Charles Clanalpine, upon finding, by the foregoing observations, that the gentleman who asked him for the ices was a nobleman, and related to the family, availed himself of this opportunity to join in the praises bestowed upon their noble host.

Lord Charles Clanalpine.—“ The parties given at this mansion are the most delightful in town; every person seems satisfied, and all are entertained to their wish.”

Lord Hulse.—“ Indeed, so. Shall we endeavour to find a fourth, and take a hand at whist?”

Lord Charles Clanalpine.—“ I'm not fond

of cards. I play at 'ecarté' sometimes, which is the only game I do play."

Lord Hulse.—" You know the game of 'ecarté,' Friske;" then turning to the young lord, " allow me the honour to make known to your lordship, a particular friend of mine, Mr. Friske, M. P. of Dell Hall, in Pembrokeshire."

Lord Charles Clanalpine rose from his seat and bowed to Mr. Friske, and Mr. Friske bowed very low to his lordship. The conversation, for the present, ceased about cards, and became lively upon other subjects. As occasions arose, the vanity of Lord Charles was well flattered, and he felt quite pleased with the vivacity of his new acquaintance.

The party now began to break up, amid the cry for carriages, echoed from the stentorian lungs of footmen, link boys, officers, &c. Lord Charles Clanalpine hastened away to attend upon Lady Mary Wentworth, but his lordship found that she had left some time. He returned to stay a short time longer, and again joined

Lord Hulse and Mr. Friske. At length the summoning sound of "Lord Hulse's carriage stops the way," was heard, bellowed from below. His lordship offered to set Lord Charles down, which was thankfully agreed to. The carriage was, in consequence, ordered to Cleveland Square.

Lord Hulse, as they approached St. James's Street.—"Were you ever at Crockford's, Clanalpine?"

Lord Charles Clanalpine.—"Never; but I have heard so much talk about the place, I should like to see it very well."

Lord Hulse, putting his head out of the window.—"Coachman, stop at Crockford's."

Here they soon alighted. Lord Hulse led the way, through all the splendid rooms, till they came into the supper-room. A bottle of very choice Madeira was immediately put upon the table by special order. After a few leading remarks, quite unnecessary to detail, cards were again mentioned, when a match

was agreed upon between Lord Charles Clan-alpine and Mr. Friske, at 'ecarté,' to play which, they adjourned to another room. Cards were immediately produced, and wine—the universal ally, offensive and defensive, in all such encounters,—was also at hand. The parties then set-to to play at five pounds the game.

All the manœuvres that were called to aid an intended *land*, in this instance, proved abortive. After playing a few games, Lord Charles lost only two upon the balance, when, complaining of fatigue, he moved to go away. This his lordship was not allowed to do, without first being literally dragged to the French hazard room. From this scene he retired with inexpressible disgust. The room was crowded; the hour by this time, three o'clock in the morning. The hazard table was surrounded by many personages of rank, who were watching, with intense anxiety, the turn of a bit of ivory,—the die, by which the fate of their money was

to be decided, and by which the worst passions of humanity would be kindled within them, many a sleepless night passed, and many a sorrow entailed upon an innocent family.

To play "ecarté," all the low cards of a pack are thrown out, from one to six inclusive. The deal is cut for. The dealer deals two cards, two cards—three cards, three cards—making five cards to each person, and then turns up for trumps. If a king is turned up, the dealer scores one. Five points make the game. If the dealer's opponent does not like his cards, he can call for cards, which the dealer can grant or refuse. If the request is granted, each throws out as many cards of the five he holds as he likes, and has, in their place, a corresponding number from the pack. Cards can be called for as often as the combatants will agree to, which the dealer can always refuse after the first time without prejudice. In the first instance, if the dealer refuses to give cards, and loses three or more tricks out



of the five, his opponent scores two points. When the parties are prepared to play, whoever holds the king must say so, and score one before playing, or he loses the point by the omission. To make three or four tricks out of the five, scores one point, with the above exception; to make the whole five tricks, scores two points. Thus three points out of five can be scored in one deal, including the point scored for the king. The deal, of course, is taken by turns.

Cheating, at this game, is effected with a degree of precision and judgment correspondingly with that at three card loo. In the first place, the kings in the pack are convex top and bottom, and concave at the sides; and all the rest of the cards are convex at the sides, and concave top and bottom. A king can be commanded at will by the person who is dealer, and acquainted with the use of these cards. A knowing one, besides packing his tricks, to throw commanding cards into his

own hand, and low cards into his opponent's, will, by cutting the cards lengthways, always have a king at the bottom. The king, by slipping the cards,\* is either made to turn up for trumps, by being made the eleventh card, or is dealt into a given hand, which amounts to the same thing, and tells immensely in favour of the person practising the cheat.

Three or four days were now passed in the most agreeable manner by the Meadowdale family, but without any incident worthy of notice. Sir Walter Mortimer, at the expiration of that time, received a very large packet from town, forwarded by his friend. He commenced the reading of it the same evening.

#### SKETCH No. VII.

##### *The Gaming Houses.*

Let the gaming houses assume whatever denomination they may, their purpose is the same

\* The mode of slipping the cards, is more particularly described in a subsequent sketch.

—plunder and robbery. They all pursue, however the games may differ, nearly the same means to attain their end.

The following extract of a letter, describing the Fox hunting Club, in Waterloo Place, will convey a very correct idea of all such places, the Fishmongers' Pandemonium not excepted, which differs only in the immensity of its range for prey.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“ Fishmongers' Hall has been so very successful in all its pursuits, that two or three other 'hells' have started somewhat upon the same principle. One has recently opened in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, not half a stone's throw from Carlton Palace, a description of which will afford a tolerably accurate notion of what materials all the different 'hells' are composed. There is every reason to believe that the bank is put down 'under the rose' by parties convicted and punished about two years ago for keeping other gaming-houses. Two persons are employed as 'croupiers,' or dealers, who were

lately released from the Fleet Prison. Another was openly charged with picking a gentleman's pocket at the very reputable place yclept the Saloon. A fourth, was himself undone by the same means he now uses to undo others. Such persons are generally selected, it being well supposed that their desperate circumstances will make them ready instruments in all scenes of knavery. They and the inspectors are then disguised in the most fashionable clothing, and appear at the gaming-table at night in full dress. In most instances such clothes are obtained upon credit speculatively of the 'hell' succeeding. The porters, who before were in a most deplorable condition, are now to be seen nightly at their posts with their hair in stiff curl, and arrayed in splendid livery. Thus then are the machinery and workmen of plunder robed in false and deceptive characters. It is impossible for persons to know these things unless they are told, although they ought to be convinced, with half an eye, that all the vast expenses are encountered to dazzle them, and surround the houses with every meretricious excitement, and must ultimately

be defrayed by what is sure to be wrung from their own pockets, besides what goes to enrich the keepers to an overflow.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ EXPOSITOR.”

The gaming-houses are most aptly denominated “ hells,” from the torments and misery with which all players are more or less afflicted by them, and from the heartless “ devils” who keep them.

These men can view the progressive ruin of their victims with demoniacal satisfaction and delight. They can see with a fiend-like smile the glow of health and happiness, with which the cheeks of the visitors are painted on their first entrance, fade to a look of despair and want, blighted by the horrible system that, while it enriches a few low knaves, plunges many reputable families and persons into a chaos of inextricable wretchedness and ruin,

and does an incalculable mischief to society. The "hells" possess an "ignus fatuus" fascination about them, the unsubstantial nature of which is never rightly appreciated, till it ceases to gleam upon the ruined condition of its unhappy and deluded victim.

That persons in some degree go of their own accord to these places, is no reason why they should be open for their reception. What renders the evil so apparently extensive in France, is the public manner in which such establishments are conducted, inducing most to visit them, who otherwise never would think of it.

The following letter, in the Times, from Expositor's pen, displays in a great degree the dreadful character of such houses in England.

#### " GAMING HOUSES.

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

" Sir,—I will now give some idea of what could be reckoned upon, and must have been made, by the

points of the game at all the principal 'hells,' for the last ten years. Three years back, there were no fewer than twenty-two of them: some were occasionally closed, but fifteen were in full operation at the same time, such profitable concerns they were sure to prove to their keepers. At some, play was continued with little interruption from one at noon to twelve o'clock at night, and at others all hours throughout the night. They are now reduced to about a dozen in number. The games played at one or other of them, are *rouge et noir*, *roulette*, *un, deux, cinque*, and *French hazard*, at all of which a bank is put down, agreeably to the means of the parties to be played against, the limitation of stakes varying according to its extent. Thus some play 1s. to £5., others 2s. 6d. to £10., and 5s. to £20. £50. and £100., the bank amounting generally to twenty times the highest limits. The banks have certain points in their favour, upon each of which, the stakes of the players in effect lose half; thus each player loses a whole stake on two of those points. Let the stake be 1s. 5s. up to £100., it is all the same. At

*rouge et noir*, (played with cards,) the points come up upon an average two in sixty-eight events, dealt in one hour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per hour, against the player. At *roulette*, (played with a small ivory ball in a cylinder,) two in thirty-eight events turned in half an hour, 3 per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per half hour, against the player. At *un, deux, cinque*, (played with a large ivory ball, with forty-eight spots, twenty-four black, sixteen red, and eight blue,) six in forty-eight events rolled in one hour, 6 per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per hour, against the player.

“ The money risked at these ‘hells’ up to three years ago, was much greater than it is now. However, take an average of time and stakes, and we shall not be far off a right judgment upon the subject. Suppose the hours of effective play at all the ‘hells,’ to have been five hours per day, all the year round, (Sundays excepted,) from the year 1814 to 1824, ten years, and that the whole of the stakes upon each event at each ‘hell’ in the aggregate amounted to no more than £300. ; then £300. per



hour, £1500. per day, £9000. a week, £36,000. per month, £468,000. per year, were worked into the different banks by such certain points alone. Half of this may be said to be composed of money won a-head of the banks, which thus falling from day to day back again into them, is merely nominal ; but the other half is hard money from the pockets of losing players, by the risk of which, they have no chance of winning a penny. The half is £234,000. per year, which in the ten years, amounts to the vast sum of £2,340,000. This is exclusive of what has been got by cheating, and upon the equal chances, which cannot be remotely guessed at, but it must have been very considerable, as the large masses of plunder gathered by one or other of the keepers, are over and above their extravagant expenditure for ten years, which came out of it. There are on an average to each 'hell,' three proprietors, four 'croupiers,' and four waiters and porters,—in all eleven persons ; fifteen hells, eleven to each, make one hundred and sixty-five 'hellites.' The keepers only share the overplus of plunder, after defraying wages and their heavy expenses,

and they being three to each, in all forty-five, who sack in the ratio of the extent of their banks. The fortunes, therefore, which have been collected by some of them by this horrid system of robbery are immense. Many of these have been accumulated from banks, originally not amounting to more than £500. each, and many from even much less. The heart really sickens at the recital, and at the sad reflection that these vast sums are composed of the patrimonies, in part or all, large or small, of thousands and thousands, all of whom have been more or less injured, and most, entirely ruined and undone. This is truly a melancholy part of the subject, that men of rank, property and character, can be so weak as to go up to such fatal places to risk money against that belonging to such persons, and not to see that their own losses, as well as the losses of others, actually furnish the means that constantly effect the destruction of themselves and others. Noblemen, members of parliament, officers in the army and navy, gentlemen, merchants, doctors, lawyers, tradesmen, clerks, and others, have all felt the griping influence of this horrid system. Some

of the players are constantly disappearing : some have been executed ; many have committed suicide ; many have become subject to the lighter punishments of the law ; others have fled the land to avoid them ; many are starving in the streets,—but the major part are to be found in the different prisons, both felons and debtors, all of whose misfortunes and miseries have their origin in their visits to these infamous dens.

“ If any one can doubt these various facts, let him make a few inquiries of the multitude of broken players, and visit the several prisons, when all scepticism must vanish. It might be supposed, that these ‘ hellites ’ would have some little respect, some little feeling and heart for the distresses and miseries they are made by, and flourish over ; but no such thing—they scoff at and insult them. They look down from their drawing-room windows, and from their carriages, on their victims as they pass in the streets, with contempt and indifference, and afford them no relief. They won’t deign to even notice those to whom, while losing thousands to them, they bowed and cringed with the meanest

servility, helping them to seats at their gaming-tables, (to their dinner-tables now stand they most in need,) and to intoxicating wines and refreshments. No, they have already sacked all their money; they can get no more from them; they are in dire want, so they want no longer to know them. When the unhappy and abject condition of one, who has lost thousands in his time, happens to be mentioned in the presence of those newly initiated, from whom it is expected a rich harvest will be reaped, it is observed,—‘ Oh, he never had any money to lose, whatever he had was won of the banks; but when a man is distressed who we know has really lost money, we never refuse him.’ Those who have been reduced to beggary will tell a different tale. They may draw their purse-strings for a pound or two, two or three times; but when a fourth or a fifth application is made, ’tis met by every species of insult.—‘ I will not give you another penny to save you from starving.’—‘ I will not give you another penny to save you from the gallows,’ are the replies. When it is considered that many of their victims are starving, and that

many have met with that and other violent deaths, and that they may have sacked the proceeds of the acts which caused their untimely or ignominious ends, the heart quite shudders at the brutal allusions. But what can be expected of them ; for the most part they spring from the dregs of society, and are as deficient in manners as they are in the common feelings and principles of humanity. It is truly lamentable, that there are to be found those who still pursue the same course which has proved so fatal to many thousands before them, many of whom are constantly crossing their path, when their own daily losses ought to convince them that the same must be their fate if they continue the pursuit. The money pocketed with the greatest impunity, is that from noblemen and gentlemen of large fortunes, who, from their rank and connexions in life, fancy they would disgrace themselves were they to commence actions of recovery or prosecutions against them. A few prosecutions certainly are brought, but they are compromised as quickly as they are brought, the greatest offenders evading by trick the laws altogether.

"It is urged, that it would be impossible to suppress gambling, it is too inherent in the human heart; but if it is wholly impossible to eradicate the propensity, at least, destroy the temptations that encourage it, when for want of opportunity to gratify, it must subside to a very great degree.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"EXPOSITOR."

"*London, July, 26.*

To the truth and accuracy of this frightful picture of the hells, many an aching heart could sigh responsively.

The following is a list of the gaming-houses open some time ago. Many of them are now closed, and are turned into private houses or shops. Those in italics, however, are still in full work.

No.	Where situated.	Game.	Bank.	Stakes.	Hours of play from M. N.
No. 81, Piccadilly.....	f. h. ....	£10,000	10s. —	to £200	..... 9 all night
50, 1, and 2, St. James's St.	" .....	"	"	"	..... " "
12, Park Place.....	" .....	2000	5s. —	— 50	..... " "
75, St. James's Street.....	r. n. & e. h. ....	1000	" —	— 100	..... " "
6, Pall Mall.....	" .....	2000	" —	—	..... 8 to 2
59, ditto.....	" .....	"	" —	—	2 to .....
71, ditto.....	" .....	1000	" —	—	..... 9 —
32, ditto.....	" .....	"	" —	—	1 to .....
55, ditto.....	" u. d. c. & r.	200	2s. 6d —	— 20	1 — 4..... 7 to 12
33, ditto.....	" & r. ....	"	" —	—	..... " —
16, Waterloo Place.....	f. h. ....	2000	5s. —	— 100	..... 9 all night
5 and 6, King Street .....	r. n. ....	1000	" —	— 30	2 to 5..... 7 to 2
8, ..... ditto.....	" .....	400	2s. 6d —	— 30	1 — "..... " — 12
10, ..... ditto.....	" .....	"	" —	—	..... " —
28, Bury Street .....	" .....	1000	5s. —	— 100	2 — 6..... .....
6, ..... ditto .....	" .....	400	2s. 6d —	— 30	1 — 4..... 7 to 12
7, ..... ditto .....	" & r. ....	100	" —	— 10	..... " —
15, ..... ditto.....	" .....	"	" —	—	..... " —
16, ..... ditto.....	" .....	1000	5s. —	— 100	3 — 6..... 9 — 2
9, Bennett Street.....	" .....	400	2s. 6d —	— 30	1 — 4..... 7 — 12
3, Cleveland Row .....	" .....	50	" —	— 5	..... 9 all night
4, Pickering Place .....	e. h. ....	"	"	"	..... " "
77, Jermyn Street .....	" .....	"	"	"	..... " "
8, Oxendon Street .....	" .....	"	"	"	..... " "
13, Leicester Street.....	" .....	"	"	"	..... " "

f. h. French hazard ; r. n. rouge et noir ; r. roulette ; u. d. c. un, deux, cinque ; e. h. English hazard ; m. morning, and n. night.—Each player must confine himself within the limits here specified, though, it must be mentioned, they are often departed from.

In a conspicuous part of the rooms of play, generally over the fire-place, a paper stating the game that is played, the limits of stakes, and the hours of play, of this description, is stuck up.

“ ROUGE ET NOIR.

“ Morning, from 2 to 5

Evening . . 9 to 1

Stakes 5s. to £100.

N. B. No declarations will be attended to.”

This rule means, that no person must declare a bet without staking the money. This precaution is thought necessary, in order to protect the bank against declarations from persons who have not the means of paying them, if lost, though all gentlemen of money are well aware, that whatever they choose to declare will be attended to.

The refreshments at the high hells are, tea, coffee, fruit, confectionary, wine, supper, &c. ; at the low hells, tea, biscuits, and liquors.

When the bankers think fit, two or three



other games are occasionally introduced, a manœuvre often resorted to, should the bank, by any rare accident, have a run against it. Some of the hells are constantly varying their games.

The hells, generally, are fitted up in a very splendid style, and their expenses are very great. Those of Fishmongers' Hall are not less than *one thousand pounds a week*. The next in eminence, one hundred and fifty pounds a week; and the minor ones of all, (with the exception of those where English hazard is played, the expenses of which are trifling,) vary from forty to eighty pounds.

The inspectors, or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a week each;—the “croupiers,” or dealers, three to six pounds; the waiters and porters, two pounds; a looker-out after the police officers, to give warning of their approach, two pounds;—what may be given to the watchmen upon the beat of the different houses, besides liquor, &c. is not

known, but they receive, no doubt, according to the *services* they are called upon occasionally to render. Then comes rent and incidental expenses, such as wine, &c. There is another disbursement, not easily ascertained, but it must be very large, viz. the money annually given, in a certain quarter, to obtain timely intelligence of any information laid against a hell, at a public office, to prevent a sudden surprise. This has become the more necessary, since, by a recent act, the parties keeping the houses, and those "playing and betting" at them, are now, when sufficiently identified in the fact, subject to a discipline at the tread-mill. The houses belong to separate parties. Sometimes the bank is put down by one man alone, but, generally, there are three or four in it, who divide the spoils.

When they meet with more than ordinary success, they give something extra to the dealers, waiters, and porters. Some dealers, croupiers, or groomporters, have a per cent-

age upon the gains. The gains are calculated exclusive, and the losings inclusive, of the expenses. To be clear,—if a bank gains £350. upon a balance, during a week, the players must have lost £500.; but if it is out, which rarely takes place, £500., the players can have won no more than £350., the expenses of the house being included in the loss of the £500. Those expenses are taken at £150., but whether more or less, it amounts to the same thing, —the players pay them.

The houses are well fortified with strong iron-plated doors, to make an ingress into them a difficult and tardy matter. There is one at the bottom of the stairs, one near the top, and a third at the entrance into the room of play. These are opened and closed one after the other, as a person ascends or descends. In each of the doors there is a little round glass peep-hole, for the porters to take a bird's-eye view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to keep out or let in whom

they choose. The appearance of the houses, the attention of the waiters, the civility of the dealers, the condescension of the bankers, the refreshments and wine, all combined, have an intoxicating and deceptive influence upon the inexperienced and unreflecting-mind.

The proprietors, or more properly speaking, the bankers of these houses of robbery, are composed, for the most part, of a heterogeneous mass of worn-out gamblers, black-legs, pimps, horse-dealers, jockeys, valets, petty-fogging lawyers, low tradesmen, and have-been-dealers at their own, or at other tables. They dress in the first style of fashion, keep country houses, women, carriages, horses, and fare sumptuously; bedizen themselves out with valuable gold watches, chains, seals, diamond and other rings, costly snuff-boxes, &c. property, with but little exception, originally belonging to unfortunates who had been fleeced out of every thing, and who, in a moment of distress, parted with them for a mere trifle.

Some have got into large private mansions, and keep first-rate establishments. Persons, with a very superficial knowledge of the world, can easily discern through the thin disguise of gentlemen which they assume. They are awkward and vulgar in their gait, nearly all without education and manners, and when they discourse, low slang, which bespeaks their calling, escapes them in spite of their teeth. These are the sort of characters who concert together to open hells, for the plunder of mankind. There is not a single constant player who can say that he is a winner by them.

It will be seen by reference to the list, page 78, that at all of them a bank is put down to be played against, excepting at English hazard, at which game parties play against each other, and upon throwing in a certain number of mains, pay counters to the house, which is called "paying a box." At all the other games, there are points or bars in favour of the banks, and however they may differ in their

nature, are precisely the same in effect. So certain are these points in their influence, that the funds of the Bank of England, in time, would be frittered away upon them, if risked against these gaming banks.

It will be also noticed, that "rouge et noir" has been a very general game among them, and has, in consequence, proved very destructive. The points or bars in favour of the banks at the different games operate upon all money risked against them at all times as a per centage, and that per centage, at no one game, is less than one and a half. A full description of the point at "rouge et noir," will convey a very just idea of what it must be at all other games.

The "rouge et noir" table measures 14 feet by 6, and is flat and oblong. It is covered with a green cloth, on which are sewn four small oblong pieces of cloth, two red and two black. Red and black opposite each other at one end of the table, and black and red on

the other, on which the money is staked. In the centre of the table, a box is sunk, into which the cards are thrown after each "coup" or event, is decided. The money of the bank is divided, and generally placed on both sides of the box, in a line with which, and opposite to one another, sit two dealers. The players occupy the other parts of the table. The bankers, or their overlookers, have high stools or chairs, apart from the tables, by which they command a view of all the proceedings.

The game is played with six packs of cards, indiscriminately shuffled together, which, when packed and cut, are dealt out, card by card, from "coup" to "coup," till the whole are dealt away, which is called a deal. The court cards count ten. The cards as they are dealt are turned upon the table with their faces upwards. When "the game is made," which means, when all the money intended to be staked upon a "coup" is down upon the colours, and the dealer is ready to deal. The

cards are then dealt till the number of pips count thirty-one up to forty inclusive, and two such lines of cards make a "coup." The first line is dealt for the black, the second for the red ; whichever is nearest thirty-one inclusive, wins, and the other, of course, loses. The game, therefore, lies between thirty-one and forty inclusive. The two lines vary according to the pips of the cards, which follow each other. Thus :

First line 31,	Second line 31,
or 32,	or 32,
or 33,	or 33,
or 34,	or 34,
or 35,	or 35,
or 36,	or 36,
or 37,	or 37,
or 38,	or 38,
or 39,	or 39,
or 40.	or 40.

Thus the two lines may vary, in relation to each other, from thirty-one to forty, or forty



to thirty-one, and in this only the game consists.

For instance, 7, 10, 5, 2, 8, make thirty-two for the black; 6, 4, 8, 9, 4, make thirty-one red, and red wins. If the number of the last line comes first, and the first last, black wins. The annunciation to players being simply "two, one—red wins;" or, "one, two—red loses," and so on, according to the termination of the lines. The dealers then draw all the money from the losing colour, and pay to the winning one amounts equal to what are down upon it. The winners then draw their money, and, with the losers at will, stake afresh. "The game is" again "made," another "coup" is dealt, and so forth, without variation, to the close of play. When the two lines correspond in number, which generally happens about six times in the course of a deal, it is termed an "après." When these occur, with *one little exception*, it is optional either to withdraw the stakes, or leave them for deci-

sion by the next "coup." Thus far, so good. But when a "trente-un-aprè" comes, the case is widely altered. These "31 après," coming more frequently than any other, have been selected, for obvious reasons, as the point in favour of the banks.\* When these come up, (and come they must as sure as any "coup,") all the stakes down are in the "après," as it is called, and in effect, pay half to the bank; thus two "31 après" sweep away a whole stake from each of the players, whether that stake be 5s. or £100., without the shadow of a chance of winning a penny. The players, however, have the choice, (a fine choice it is,) either to divide such stakes with the bank, or leave them for the next "coup" to decide whether they are lost altogether, which would be the case if the colour lost on which they were, or,

\* When "rouge et noir" was first introduced in France, the game had two points for the bank,—31 and 40 "après," but subsequently, it was *modestly* considered, that the first "après" was quite enough. And so it is with a vengeance.

preserved by its winning, which amounts precisely to the same thing as dividing the stakes at once. To simplify it, suppose £100. down upon black, and £100. down upon red, which stakes are left undivided for the next "coup," the bank will take £100. from the next losing colour, and pay nothing to the other £100. upon the winning colour. Divide the two stakes at once with the bank, and it gets £100. all the same. There have been five or six "31 après" in one deal, sometimes there has not been one for three or four deals together, but the latter is of very rare occurrence. Two "31 après," on an average, appear in three deals; each deal averages about twenty-two "coups," and the three are easily dealt in one hour. The odds, therefore, in favour of the bank, are two to sixty-six, or one to thirty-three; that every "coup" dealt, proves a "31 après," which bear upon all even stakes, or average ones, at the rate of about one and a half per

cent. per stake, or one hundred per cent. per stake, per hour, which the bankers themselves are obliged to admit. Pay one and a half per cent. on £100., and play £100. sixty-six times, £100. within one pound would thus be paid, which would be the same thing as losing the £100. in the usual way.

Sometimes three or four "31 après" have come up one after the other, when a stake of £100. (and all others in the same proportion), pays in effect half upon the first, half of that upon the second, and half of the remainder upon the third: thus the £100. would dwindle down to £12. 10s.; don't divide, when it must be upon the winning colours afterwards, as often as there have been "après," before the £100. get clear, against which, if there are three, the odds are seven to one; and if only two, three to one, without increasing them, by calculating the chance of fresh "31 après."

It is often observed, when stakes are in "31 après," that they may be gained back by the

next "coup," and so lose nothing ; but there is the same chance that they may be lost altogether. When stakes are left undivided, the probability is, that they are preserved whole one time, and wholly lost another ; so divide or not, one whole stake must be swallowed up in two "31 après."

Great particularity has been observed in explaining, in different shapes, the influence of "31 après" upon individual stakes, in order to meet the various remarks which are often made, to pervert and conceal the real truth. That influence, however, is indisputably put in a clear point of view, by the following scale, which ought to satisfy the most sanguine and deluded player, of its ruinous nature.

If £100. is taken to a house by a player, as a capital to play with, (some take more, some less,) different sums from one to thirty pounds or more, are staked at one time or another. As a "31 après" may start up, when a heavy stake is down as well as a light one, an average

stake must be taken. If the average stake is one-fifth the capital, one stake is sacked in two "31 après," three déals sixty-six "coups" one hour, and the whole capital in ten "31 après" fifteen deals—330 "coups," five hours—thus

1-5th	a capital in	10	"31 après"	15	deals	330	"coups"	5	hours
1-10th	"	20	"	30	"	660	"	10	"
1-15th	"	30	"	45	"	990	"	15	"
1-20th	"	40	"	60	"	1320	"	20	"
1-25th	"	50	"	75	"	1650	"	25	"

It is assumed, that a player neither wins nor loses upon the common chances of the game, and that he plays every "coup," but if he plays only now and then, which some players do, thinking, erroneously, (for at any one time there is the same probability of an "après,") that they have a better chance of avoiding the "après," his stakes are influenced in the same ratio.

Thus, it clearly appears, for players to have any money left at all after a certain time, even

if they play so low as 1-25th their capital each stake, they must be winners of that money of the banks. Players, sometimes win a few "coups" a-head of the bank, but, most frequently, the bank is a-head of them; yet they must pay their capital to the points of the game, whether they are either "winners or losers," or are winners. If they lose upon the common chances, their money, of course, goes the quicker, to which the bankers have not the smallest objection. This account shows the sure working of these "après," let the mode of play be whatever it may. An enormous sum falls upon the points of the game, by the risk of which, there is not the smallest possibility for players to win a farthing. Some hells having heavier play than others, get a greater share of the spoils. In the calculation made by "Expositor," in the foregoing letter, the sum that falls upon the points or bars of different games, appear to be £234,000. a year,—a sum that does not appear too large,

when the great expenses of the houses, and the enormous fortunes amassed by the keepers, are taken into consideration.

Where does this money come from? it would be ridiculous to suppose that it was money won of the banks, for their whole amount did not reach, exclusive of the French hazard banks, £15,000., (see list, page 78,) and their winnings, each day, were withdrawn, and the banks, of the same amounts, put down from day to day. How very preposterous to lose fortunes upon such an empty shadow,—a bait so well hooked. So convinced are the bankers of the sure advantages of the “31 après,” that a certain Major A——, who is in the habit of taking in with him £500. or £1000. daily to play, offered to give £100. to the bank, each day, before he commenced play, to be relieved from them, which was refused. That of course,—for the major generally plays £100. stakes, and, therefore, a few “31 après,” soon eases him of his capital. When he has



any money in hand he must have gained it of the bank, upon the equal chances. What amazing folly to play at a game, the points of which are certain to sweep away so much, and to suppose that success could attend upon the common chances, at all commensurate to it. Now what is here pointed out, as being got by the "31 après," is exclusive of what is sacked by cheating, and the equal chances.

It is giving the bankers every advantage of a fair position to suppose, that, upon the equal chances, they neither win nor lose, though at times, they win immensely, and never can lose much, which is evident from the large sums constantly risked against their little. Therefore, suppose upon an average, there is an equal amount down upon red as upon black, when, it will be seen, the players pay one another, the bankers depending upon the "31 après" in their favour, a style of play, each individual set of them, always wish to see at their own table.

What are the results of all these things? Why the funds and resources of the bankers, put them altogether, did not exceed £15,000., but their gains since have been enormous. Some of them are now worth two or three hundred thousand pounds, all made in the space of nine or ten years. These monies have been lost from time to time, by thousands and thousands of persons, to banks, whose owners could not lose, (supposing for a moment they could lose at all,) more than £15,000. at the very utmost. These riches have changed masters, and got into a few worthless hands, while most of the persons, who have been weak enough to lose them, are struggling, in consequence, in an abyss of misery, wretchedness, and despair.

The passions of the players are often named as a cause of loss. But in reply, though they have with some that effect, yet there are others, who come and play a cool, deliberate, well-digested game, which is, they think, sure to win,

but they lose notwithstanding, in spite of their calculations. The passions of a man may certainly influence him to lose, yet they also, at other times, may cause him to win, therefore the passions of the players, are quite subordinate to the certainty of loss, in the game itself.

Five hundred pounds is a very good capital to pit against all the money of the town, for it is sure soon to increase and multiply, in a rapid and wonderful degree; and the large fortunes of some of the hellites have been made from capitals much less.

One hellite was candid and open enough to tell a young man, in whom he felt an interest, that it was utterly impossible for a player to win. "*Do you think,*" added he, "*that we would encounter our great expenses, if we were not certain of our game?*"

The farther reading of the sketch of the gaming-houses, was here deferred till the following evening.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE baronet proceeded with Sketch No. 7, on the following evening.

Notwithstanding the certainty of the “31 après,” when opportunity offers, cheating is resorted to, which is also practised at all the other sorts of gaming-tables.

The bankers are jealous of each other's success. Crockford is envied by the whole fraternity of hellites. They don't much like players taking money from their table to others, not thinking that money is in like manner, brought from other tables to theirs, by which a reciprocal benefit results to all. They like

all money brought into their house, left there. A young and sanguine player, with plenty of money, is sure to be the last to leave a table, and the first to be at it. When such a one quits the table a winner, (which of course is sometimes the case, else the robbery would be too palpal-ble,) he comes again the earliest moment, and brings not only his own money, but also that which he has won, never having prudence enough to leave any part behind. The bankers or the overlookers, observe the game he plays, and have the cards packed against it, ready for his coming. A few cards are loosely thrown into the box, to give the appearance that part of the deal is over. He no sooner makes his appearance than the dealer proceeds with the game, as if it was in continuation of the play, commenced before his entrance, and says, "make your game, gentlemen, the colour's "black" or "red," according to the colour of the first card, which is always announced before dealing a "coup," when in a few

“coups,” more especially as they don't fail to pack a few “31 après” as well, he gets cleared out of every penny. Young players generally stake against runs upon a colour, thinking it vastly odd, that there should be a run beyond four or five upon either, (runs of 18 and 20 have been known,) so they are induced to back the losing colour, as high as the limitation of stakes will let them, when a packed run, or a natural one, sweeps away their money in a few moments. A transaction of this sort at a hell in Bennett Street, robbed a young gentleman of about £700. in eight or nine “coups.” He played generally upon black, and a run upon red was packed against him.

The packing of cards against any particular game, and of “31 après,” can only be done at the commencement of play, or at a renewal, after a cessation, which at times, occurs for want of players.

An officer who held a high station about his Majesty, and who avoided the dreadful conse-

quences of a serious crime, by escaping from a prison in the city, was, one night, at No. 10, St. James's Square, (now a private house,) where he had often been before a very heavy loser, robbed of a considerable sum, by seven or eight "31 après" being packed, one after the other, in the same deal.

A mode of producing a run upon black when the heaviest stakes are upon red without packing the cards, is practised with great success. The dealer proceeds with the game, till he gets a line of cards counting thirty-one. He throws the other line of cards into the card box, and adroitly places every time the thirty-one line again upon the pack he holds in his hand to deal from. By this manœuvre, thirty-one is always turned up for black, and red must lose.

Another style of cheating is resorted to with great impunity. The dealer will pay to heavy stakes down which win, in many notes, to cover the appearance of their being short of

what they should be, which from the delirium or intoxication of the players, to whom the money belongs, is rarely detected. If it is, the dealer has only to apologize for the mistake.

And again, all stakes intended to be risked upon a "coup" must be down upon the colours before the cards are dealt. The dealer sees which colour has the heaviest stakes—say black. The cards turn up 7, 10, 5, 9, 6—total 37 for black; 2, 7, 5, 9, 7, 8,—total 38 for the red: black then should win, as being nearest 31. The dealer should say "7—8, red loses." The odd number of each line only is announced, therefore it is very easy, in their quick calculation, to drop a pip or two of one line, or add a pip or two to the other, and make it appear that red wins instead of black. If any player has counted the cards as they fell upon the table, and so detects the cheat, it also passes off as a simple error; with "oh, dear! I beg your pardon, gentlemen, it is



clearly a mistake, it is impossible to be always correct." The dealer then will count the cards singly, and makes other apologies for the *error*. It is very remarkable, though, that these "errors" are invariably in favour of the banks. Those who have small stakes upon the opposite colour, though they may see it, will never point it out, because they win by these "errors," and self-interest causes them to wink at such proceedings.

The players against this horrid system, at these dens of mid-day and midnight robbers, include from the nobleman down to the tradesman's clerk. This heterogeneous mass form three distinct classes, not of rank, for gambling levels all distinctions of that kind, but of circumstances, and as a player proceeds on his mad to destruction, his appearance is a gauge to his purse and resources, and is a sufficient badge of the class to which he belongs. The first class in time becomes of the second and

third, as the second and third have been of the first.

The first class consists of those newly introduced, plenty of money at immediate command, surrounded by the affections and esteem of friends and relatives, great in resources, of a contented, happy, healthful and respectable appearance, with gold watches and a variety of other costly ornaments. It is a matter of joke and speculation with the second and third class, how long these appendages to a gentleman will be retained, keenly recollecting how they had been compelled to part with their own. Some have carriages, horses, servants, &c. These are treated with marked respect; bows and smiles at every turn, but in a short time they begin to feel the griping influence of such places, and all their advantages by degrees to wither, when most of them are seen descending to the second class.

The second class is composed of those who

formerly held a station in the first. These wear upon their visages a look of care and deep anxiety, and have nearly drained their resources dry, their friends beginning to look shy and turn their backs upon them. From having a good change of habilaments, they now appear, day after day, with the same clothes, though still of genteel appearance. Their horses, &c. soon sold off, and their watches and ornaments at the pawnbroker's, when many of them rapidly descend to the third class. This being observed, an awkward show of respect is paid them by the creatures of the hells; in short, they can scarcely treat them with common civility.

The third class,—here it would be well if there were nothing more to disclose. The third class consists of those who have descended from the first class to the second, and have at last reached a degree of abject misery truly heart-rending. Their money all gone, their resources wholly dried up, and their connec-

tions and friends (hopeless of them) entirely lost to them. They present pictures of the deepest distress, misery, and despair, not knowing where to obtain a single meal, or how to secure a bed night after night, their clothes faded and threadbare. The closely buttoned-up coat but ill conceals the absence of a waistcoat or a shirt, or the soil of them. These, then, are shut out from "hell" to "hell," till none, but those of the lowest description, will admit them. At night they flock to the English hazard houses, where they bury their miseries in sleep upon chairs, or upon the ground. Many will group together, and utter bitter and horrid imprecations upon their follies and unhappy condition.

A gambler's mind becomes impaired, step by step, with his circumstances, till they are lost in one common ruin; his best energies are blasted for ever, and he is cast upon the world a worthless and a starving object.

The career of a gambler is very shortly summed up. He loses, from time to time, all the money at command, which commences his difficulties, and throws him upon his resources. These soon after fail, with increased difficulties, and he then resorts to his credit. Of credit he is soon bereft, with difficulties still multiplying, with less power of extrication, and he is then put to his shifts. When, having lost all the money raised in various ways, and being completely shorn of all ability, by proper means, to get more, he is finally driven to acts of desperation and ruin.

When a gentleman first appears at these hells, the hellites and the players are curious to learn who and what he is, especially the former, who calculate the rich or poor harvest to be reaped by him, and they regulate their conduct accordingly. Should he be introduced by a broken player, and lose a good sum, his introducer—the pimp—knows the opportunity when he can borrow a few pounds

of the hellites. If his information respecting the resources, &c. of his *friend* be satisfactory, a similar request is made. But should the gentleman be successful, of course "a few pounds, to give his kind friend a chance," will not be refused. Should he, on the contrary, lose (which is most probable), a few hundreds, all he may have with him, his "kind friend," who sticks to his elbow, and who, it is seen, can pick up something from the hellite or the player, and therefore feels an interest in encouraging him to play, intimates that the bankers would probably lend him fifty or a hundred pounds. Upon this proposition he hesitates at first, under a feeling of shame and degradation, but it is artfully added, that "he would then have a chance of gaining back his loss, and such instances often happen." This, by the bye, is false, for a person seldom or never retrieves such losses, or, in fact, any others. However, being under the influence of great excitement and a heated brain, the point is

soon yielded, which is the first proof of the undermining of all good feeling. The hellites then are applied to, who venture, after he has lost hundreds, to lend him twenty or thirty pounds, for which his check is demanded and given. This is one of the tight holds their infernal web takes of their victims. Thus they not only know his name, but soon ascertain, by under-hand inquiries, at his banker's (where they may possibly bank themselves or some of their tribe), the extent of his account, his connections and resources. Upon this knowledge, if his account is good, they will cash him checks on another occasion to within a hundred pounds of the balance.

Instances have been known, after checks have been cashed and paid in this way to large amounts, and the balance drawing to a close, that when a check for a small amount has been wanted cashed by the very same parties, it has been refused, the hellite actually telling the party, within a few pounds, the amount he

had left at the banker's. One gentleman was once told to five pounds what he had there.

This conduct, it will be seen, must be attended frequently with the most ruinous consequences. Many a player, after having sustained heavy losses, resolves at his breakfast to take up to play only a certain sum, and to cut for that evening, or for ever, if it is lost. But in a house of play, how baseless and rotten prove the best resolutions, they all evaporate by the turn of a card or a die. Such money is no sooner lost, than more is obtained upon checks, by which they find themselves the next morning, instead of a few pounds, minus hundreds or thousands.

When one house closes for the day or night, there are always persons ready to convey a stranger to some other house. One house or other is open from one at noon to any hour throughout the night, (see list page 78), so that a poor dupe at last, at a late period of the night,



by this whirlwind of play, bends his steps homewards, fleeced of all his money.

When a man once enters a house of play, his mind undergoes a complete revolution. As he continues his visits, his feelings as a gentleman, his delicacy of sentiment, his morals, his honor, all gradually give way with his money. The virtues of his mind are destroyed by the disgusting examples before him, of men who, possessing none themselves, laugh them to scorn in others. If he could but see the horrid deformity of these "hells" and most of their visitors, surely he would hesitate before he set a foot in them. But being there, from the instances of vice and folly ever before him, he, by degrees, unperceived by himself, becomes an imitator of the most revolting language and the worst of principles. A mania seizes and clings to him from the first. In spite of his own constant losses, the losses of all around him, the objects of misery, in consequence of their's, ever presenting themselves

to his view, he pursues the same headlong course with a fanaticism beyond all belief. The springs of social life get dried up within him; he no longer is happy in the bosom of his family; he can no longer enjoy the society of a friend, or a virtuous woman. In fine, he is never content away from the houses, and when he is, never ceases talking about them. If he has a pursuit in life,—a profession, a trade or calling—he can no longer follow it, his mind is unhinged, and he can pay no farther attention to his studies or his duties. His whole soul is engrossed, enchanted, by these most foul and diabolical establishments; he is too blind to see that they must sooner or later encompass his ruin, and that when he falls, and fall he will, a gambler falls unpitied and unrelieved.

It is a curious feature in the career of a gambler at these hells, that he gets reconciled, apparently, to his degradation and downfall. Though now and then a thought of happier

days, and of what he might have been, flashes across his mind, and penetrates his heart with a desolate misery.

If a man's income be no more than a hundred a year, it would be much better to be content with that, away from them, than make it, were it possible, a thousand a year by visiting them.

A player's mind is always upon the rack,—the torture,—ever under the influence of tumultuous passions that destroy all repose. At one moment in an excess of joy at an instance of good fortune, and the next, yielding to the bitterest despair for its indurability. The sudden transitions from grief to joy, and joy to grief, which are ever occurring, and are the more intense by the difficulties a person may be in at the time, and from their repetition, have a dreadful effect upon his mind, which receives a deeper wound at every fresh occurrence. Men have been, by these vicissitudes, so inwardly convulsed, that their limbs have trem-

bled, and large drops of perspiration have rolled from their brow.

When players are completely ruined, the hellites wish to be freed from their visits, and when their impudence has not the effect of keeping a ruined man away, they *turn* him out without the least compunction. Besides, a new comer might take the alarm by the sight of ruined men, and the facts they could unfold.

The following account of the treatment one gentleman met with, which appeared in the Times, will afford a pretty fair sample of what poorer objects have frequently experienced; it was headed "Outrage by the people of a gaming-house. (From a correspondent.) One of those scandalous scenes of violence, which often happen at such a place, but seldom become publicly known, on account of the disgrace attending exposure, occurred on Saturday se'nnight, at a low 'hell' in King Street, St. James's. A gentleman, who had lost con-

siderable sums of money, at various times, announced his full determination never to come to a place of the sort again with money. His visits, therefore, were no longer wanted, and accordingly orders were given to the porters not to admit him again. About two o'clock of the night of Saturday week, he sought admittance, and was refused. A warm altercation took place in the passage between him and the porter, which brought down some of the proprietors. One of them, a powerful man,—a bankrupt butcher,—struck him a tremendous blow, which broke the bridge of his nose, covered his face with blood, and knocked him down. On getting up, he was knocked down again. He rose once more, and instantly received another blow, which would have laid him upon his back, but one of the porters, by this time, had got behind him, and, as he was falling, struck him at the back of his head, which sent him upon his face. The watch now had arrived, into whose hands the keeper and the porter of the

'hell' were given. At the watch-house they were ordered to find bail. The gentleman was then about to quit, when he was suddenly called back. A certain little lawyer, who alternately prosecutes and defends keepers of gaming-houses, in the mean time, had been sent for. He whispered to the ex-butcher to charge the gentleman with stealing his handkerchief and hat, which, it was alleged, had been lost in the affray. Though nothing was found upon the gentleman, who desired to be searched, this preposterous and groundless charge was taken; the hellites admitted to bail, but the gentleman, who had been so cruelly beaten, being charged with a felony, on purpose to cause his detention, and the power held by magistrates to take bail in doubtful cases, not extending to night constables, was locked up below, with two wretched men who had stolen lead, and five disorderlies, his face a mass of blood, and bruises, and there detained till Monday morning, in a most pitiable

condition. The magistrate, before whom the party appeared on that day, understanding that the affair took place in a gaming-house, dismissed both complaints, leaving them to their remedy at the sessions."

The account of another disturbance about these sinks of knavery and iniquity, appeared in the following letter in a morning paper :—

" Sir,—Permit me, through the medium of your respectable journal, to expose a most crying evil, which I shall be glad to combine with my neighbours in endeavouring to remove.

" I have the misfortune to live near two notorious gaming-houses, Nos. 5 and 6, King Street, St. James's, and my family are repeatedly disturbed by dreadful rows taking place both inside and out. At an early hour (three o'clock) this morning, we were awoke by a great scuffling, and loud cries of robbery, murder, &c. &c., I put up the window to see what was the matter, and found the fearful

cries which broke in upon the stillness of night, to proceed from the passage of No. 5. Shortly after the door was suddenly opened, and a gentleman was thrust into the street by some ruffians, and dashed into the middle of it, upon his back, with great violence. On this, a lady screamed, who was accidentally passing in company with a gentleman, when the guardians of the night came up, surrounded the three, and took them to the watch-house.

“ The watchmen, no doubt, get well rewarded for such services. I see them constantly in familiar converse with the porters, &c. of these places, go in and out of the passages, and have over-heard them return thanks for what they have received.

“ The quiet of night is destroyed, particularly in summer-time, by the rattling of dice and jingling of money, intermingled with the most horrible imprecations, which are plainly heard by all passers by.



“ I rise early to business, and often witness the frequenters come out at six or seven o'clock in the morning, and such a set of dirty shabby vagabonds, for the most part, I never beheld; ripe, I should think from their appearance, for any act of desperate villany.

“ From the boldness with which these people carry on their infernal trade, one would suppose that the laws against such places were expunged from the statute book. However, I do hope, if the present laws are powerless, that some more efficient will be framed to put them down.

“ I beg to apologize for trespassing so much upon your valuable time, and am, Sir,

“ Your obedient Servant,

“ AN INHABITANT OF KING STREET.”

One of these hells in King Street, is kept by two bankrupt butchers, a bankrupt publican, a journeyman tailor, (who was in St. George's

Hospital, where, expecting to die, however incredible, he sold his body to some surgeons and recovered upon the purchase money,) a man who kept a chandler's shop, and two others of the like stamp. They put down a small bank at French hazard during the day, and at night play against each other at English hazard with the money they make in the morning, and are ready to cut one another's throats as they lose, at the same time using the vilest oaths.

Fights constantly are taking place in the play rooms. The following is a humorous account given of one of them, in the *Morning Herald*.

**“ FIGHT AT A GAMING-HOUSE, AND  
GRAB AT THE BANK.**

**“ FROM A CORRESPONDENT.**

“ On last Thursday evening, at No. —, King Street, St. James's, a low gaming-house, there was a great treat to the ‘ring,’—not the ‘prize ring,’ but what is elegantly denominated the ‘leg ring,’

**VOL. II.**

**G**

composed of worthies who are well practised in all the *secrets* of black-legism. The 'roulette' table and ivory ball were revolving their *certain* course, and the 'croupier,' a fit '*subject*' for any 'hell' here or down below, was squeaking out, 'make your game, gentlemen,' when an altercation arose respecting an event of the game between Doo-all, the *hellite*, a German with a *queer* ogle, and —, the *safe* player, a *wapping*, square-shouldered Hibernian. The lie was given to Paddy, who instantly gave the *hellite* a smart *tapper* upon the *smeller*, which laid the 'sharp' *flat* upon the play table. This *stake* was as unexpected as unlooked for, for the 'Zeros' could not affect it,—besides, it was at first surmised that a 'grab' was intended. This partially occurred, for in the confusion a general scramble took place for the shillings, half-crowns, crowns, and sovereigns, belonging to the bank, much to the satisfaction of many broken players present. This over, a ring was formed of the motley group for the combatants, who peeled for the contest,—a convincing proof that they at least had shirts on, and that they were somewhat clean, though as much

could not be said for every one round. The parties came to the *scratch* breathing defiance, and a good *mill* was expected, as they were both of a height, nearly as muscular, though Paddy had much the advantage of weight, and altogether had the appearance of a '*finisher*.'

"Round 1.—Much cautious sparring; Paddy smiled and made play; he showed by his attitudes that his friend Tom's instructions had not been lost upon him. He made a feint within distance, which the *hellite* did not guard. It told slightly over his left *ogle*. Had it been a determined blow, there must have been a pair of *queerens* for him. Here he showed that he knew more about the use of a rake than of the *bunch of fives*. It was also remarked, that Paddy was more experienced in *shaking the elbow*, *planting the dice*, and an out-and-out good *fist* at using the '*cue*,' than in using the *mawleys* this way. Paddy, at length, put in a well-intended blow upon Doo-all's *bread-basket*, which would have *kneaded* him up but for the sovereign bag of the bank (which he succeeded in securing,) being in his waistcoat pocket, which broke the blow

and nearly *chancerified* the other's knuckles. In manœuvering, the *hellite* fell over a chair, which concluded the round.—2 to 1 on Paddy, but no takers.

“2.—The *hellite* came to the scratch evidently not pleased at being *touched* so near his *sovereign-bag*. He was still more cautious than before, and his money seemed to be his peculiar care, as he lowered his guard to defend his body. Some excellent scientific feints, and a few well-meant blows were made, but all being out of distance, no mischief was done. This was the best round, at least the most amusing one, from the activity displayed by both to keep at a respectful distance from each other. They danced about like a couple of bears, and a fiddle only was wanting to complete the illusion. Paddy at last mustered up all his courage and went to work in earnest. He judged his space well, and *floored* the *hellite* by a tremendous blow over his guard upon his *mug*. It was now ‘Fishmongers’ Hall’ in St. James’s Street, to the ‘Shenees’ in Leicester Street.

“3.—From the result of the last round Paddy

felt all confidence, and became the bolder. He went in with a terrific aspect. The *hellite* hopped, skipped, and jumped about in every direction to avoid him. There was no knowing how long this would have lasted but for the following interruption. The alarm bell (which all 'hells' are provided with,) was rang, and at the same time, a voice from below lustily *bawled* out 'the officers, the officers!' This was enough. *Hellites*, players, spectators and fighters flew in all directions. The thoughts of this 'mill' were lost in the prospect of the 'tread-mill;' pell-mell they scampered,—'save qui peut' was the order of the day. The confusion was indescribable. Two persons hastened up the chimney,—some found their way to the coal-hole, and covered themselves over with coals,—others went up into the bed-rooms, put on night-caps, and tumbled into the beds,—one got into a foul-clothes bag,—all had soon left the scene of action. It was soon ascertained that it was a false alarm, and that some wag had practised a *hoax* upon the trembling fears of these execrable violators of the law and of society,—but it put an end to the fight. When they had

all re-assembled again, the *chimney-sweepers*, *coal-heavers*, and *foul-clothes-man*, cut most ludicrous figures."

The habit of playing at these hells, besides other dreadful consequences, destroys all notions of economy, and engenders a wasteful extravagance.

Three young men from the city, under twenty years of age, were allured one evening to the hells in Bury Street. All of them won, about eighty pounds together. Their good fortune was watched by a couple of "legs," one of whom had handsome lodgings near Grosvenor Square, to which they asked the three cits to go to take supper, when they were about quitting the gaming-house. The invitation was apparently acceded to, and at the top of St. James's Street, one of the legs called a hackney coach. When it came up, the legs wanted the cits to jump in, but they insisted that the legs should get in first, which they did. When

the legs were comfortably seated, the cits, who were a little awake, took off their hats, and wished the legs, most politely, a very good night. The legs called after them in vain, they had got into another coach, and drove off to Vauxhall Gardens. There they met with some fair damsels, whom they treated to an elegant supper, and champagne and claret. Being unaccustomed to such fare, the wine soon got into their heads, which, together with being elated with their success, made them completely beside themselves. They commenced their pranks by throwing glasses of champagne over one another. Then they proceeded to break the glasses, plates, and whole bottles of wine. At length, committing much greater mischief, the officers in attendance were brought to them. A bill was made out for their entertainment, and the damage they had done; it amounted to twenty-five pounds. Upon paying it, one of them exclaimed, "it is but a stake" (hiccup) "upon the colour."



This evening's freak may be said to have sown the seeds of their total undoing. One was a baker's son, who ultimately plundered his father; another was a linen draper's clerk, who plundered his master of near £2000.; the third was also a tradesman's son, who plundered his father of a considerable sum, the major part of which money was lost to these banks. The linen draper's clerk married one of the loose women who was one of the party at the Gardens, and when his speculations were detected, he fled with her to France. He was pursued, at the instigation of his master, by a police officer, who came up with him in the South of France. The French authorities were applied to to give him up to the officer, who had a warrant from Bow Street for his apprehension, but the request was refused. As he was travelling under a false name, which is a great offence against the French laws, he was taken up by the

"gens d'armes," and confined for a considerable time in a prison at Bourdeaux.

Such instances of extravagance are not wholly confined to players, but extend to the hellites themselves. One day, when Crockford was connected with No. 5, King Street, the bank had netted a considerable sum; Mr. Abbott, one of the partners, when play was over for the morning, invited an officer upon half-pay, who had lost his money that day, to dine with him. The invitation was accepted. On their way to Leicester Place, where Mr. A. lived, they were overtaken by an unfortunate gentleman, who was in deep distress from his losses, and who asked the loan of a pound, having no dinner to go to. "Upon my word," said the hellite, "I really can't, the bank has been out of luck: but, however, here are five shillings to 'get your dinner with."

On passing Grange's, in Piccadilly, a few

minutes after, the hellite went in, paid seven pounds for fruit of great rarity, of which there were two pounds of hot-house cherries, at *one guinea a pound*.

Mr. Phil. Holdsworth, now dead, another partner of Mr. Crockford, was even more extravagant. His house, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, was fitted up in eastern splendour. When the bank was very successful, he would take many persons home, after the play was over at night, and have a complete carousal, with the choicest wines, fruit, &c. One Saturday night, after the division of the week's spoils, on an occasion of the sort, while sprawling upon the carpet, in a fit of intoxication, he displayed a roll of notes, amounting to upwards of twelve hundred pounds, which he described as his individual share.

† Captain J. H. Davies was concealed at this person's house, till he was able to effect his escape to America. The history of this ill-fated gentleman is pregnant with melancholy

reflections. Captain Davies was lieutenant of the King's Yeomen of the Guard, for which high station about his Majesty he gave four thousand pounds, and to obtain which commission, great interest was also necessary. He was a constant player at No. 10, in St. James's Square, where the "31 après" were packed against him, and at No. 5, King Street. When his fortune had been wrung from him, by one foul practice or other, he committed several forgeries, to enable him to pursue the dreadful vice. He obtained ten thousand pounds from the Bank of England alone, by forging his brother's name, all which he lost. At length he forged upon a west-end banker, for four thousand pounds, in bills of acceptance at a long date, and took them into the city for discount. While the bills were left for discount, a young member of the banking-house, being in the city, happened, by mere chance, to call in, when the bills were shown him. He expressed his ignorance of such bills being out,

and stated the date for bills of so small an amount, to be longer than they were in the habit of accepting for. He desired the money not to be given for them, till he had been back to make inquiries. He drove off in his stanhope, as fast as he could, to his banking-house, when he found that they were forgeries. Captain Davies, in the meanwhile, was detained upon some excuse, and, upon the other's return, was taken into custody. He underwent several examinations, and was confined in Giltspur Street Compter. From thence it was managed that he should escape. His servant came under the pretext of taking away a large trunk of things; the captain changed dress with him, and left the prison with the trunk upon his shoulders. Being unaccustomed to carry any such thing, and, probably, the thoughts of his critical situation together, he felt overpowered before he had proceeded many yards, and seated himself to rest upon the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church. He

then called a coach, upon getting into which some low fellow passing by observed, " You lazy fellow, your master ought to be informed of your laziness." The coach took him to the neighbourhood of Clarges Street, where, as previously agreed upon, he went for concealment. All the hellites were in dreadful alarm, while the captain remained in custody, on account of his great respectability and the stir that such a victim to their system would make in the world. They said it cost them a thousand pounds, before he was finally out of the country. Policy, and not humanity, dictated this interference in favour of the captain on the part of the hellites.

Captain Davies subsequently declared, that he thought he had found out a mode of play by which he could win a certain sum every day; an illusion which has proved fatal to many. The bars, or points, in favour of the bank, at any game whatever, effectually destroy all possibility of the kind. He forged,

however, for a long date, in order to raise a capital to play with, intending to take up the bills before their date expired, from the expected gains. If he lost the money, he made up his mind, he said, to sell his commission to meet them. His previous severe losses ought to have convinced him of the folly and weakness of indulging in such futile expectations. His resolves, no doubt, would have proved fallacious. When he had quitted the country, another gentleman was appointed, without purchase, to the lieutenancy.

Mr. Cleveland's interesting account of the gaming-houses here gave way to some very spirited observations, arising from the facts it disclosed, in which the Marchioness, Lady Eliza, the Marquis, Lord Upland, and Sir Walter, bore each their part, but which, being of a nature that must present themselves to the minds of all persons of reflection, it is not

necessary that they should here receive more particular notice.

The remainder of the evening passed off with the usually calm serenity of pleasure, which invariably distinguished this well-regulated and highly-gifted family.



## CHAPTER V.

*Continuation of Sketch No. 7.*

ON the succeeding evening, after coffee had been dismissed, Sir Walter Mortimer proceeded with the MS. This part contained anecdotes of a variety of characters, illustrative of the whole diabolical system of gambling.

The baronet thus pursued the subject;—

As will readily be imagined, this hellish system is stained with innumerable instances of crime and blood—suicide and ignominious end.

A very curious instance of self-destruction, it is said unintentionally committed, occurred

in the year 1818. Count S——ki, a Polish nobleman, had arrived a few years before in England, to spend some time. He took lodgings in Bury Street, St. James's, that hot-bed of hells, in which neighbourhood they sprung up like mushrooms. He soon found his way to them. The count received his income from Poland quarterly, the major part of which he, as periodically, lost to the gaming-houses. A week after its receipt, he was generally without a guinea; after which, he depended upon the goodness of his landlady for all that he required, who was regularly paid out of the next quarter's receipt. He was quite a sinecure to No. 5, King Street, where he constantly played. His landlady, who knew that he gambled, and often noticed him wretched and unhappy, remonstrated with him on such occasions upon the dreadful pursuit, but all in vain. He would laughingly observe, in his foreign accent, " Ah! my dear ladée, you tink

I shall shooter myself trough de head." One day he returned home after losing his remaining money, and went into his bed-room for a pistol, a brace of which he always kept by him. His landlady came into his apartments, to deliver some message, to whom he said, "Now den I shall shooter myself," upon which he put a small quantity of powder into the pistol. In his nervous agitation, while losing at the play table, he twisted about in his fingers a "rouge et noir" marking card, till he made it round and hard, which he brought home with him in his hand, and put into the pistol. "Now den," he exclaimed, "I shall shooter myself," and then fired into his breast. He instantly fell. The card bullet had penetrated, and made a deep wound, of which poor Count S—— lingered a few days, and died. Before his death, he declared he had no intention of destroying himself, and that it was all a pretence to frighten his landlady.

That death should ensue from such a singular cause, is by no means incredible, when all surgeons, accustomed to wounds from fire-arms, can testify as to the depth that wadding put in even in a loose careless way, will lodge in them, and that this was inflicted by a card, which is capable of being rolled into a very hard substance.

A young gentleman, of a good family, of the name of M——, had been a considerable loser, and one night, at a hell in Pall Mall, lost the remainder of the money he had at immediate command. He asked the proprietor, at about two o'clock in the morning, to lend him ten pounds for some particular purpose; he was offered five, which he refused to accept. Soon after, he took his departure in complete despair. As day was dawning, a few of the players who knew young M—— about the tables, and were passing through

St. James's Park, on their way home to Pimlico, beheld the unfortunate young gentleman suspended by a silk handkerchief from the branch of a tree, quite dead.

Among many others who have come to a premature end, in consequence of these wretched dens, the most conspicuous are,

Polidori, committed suicide.

A gentleman living near Golden Square, ditto.

S——, the government clerk, ditto.

Captain Wemyss, ditto.

Count Swaifmoff, ditto.

Captain Chamberlain, immediately after quitting No. 5, King Street, ditto.

Captain S——, ditto.

Mr. C——, ditto.

Snake, the purser, hung for forgery.

There have been many executed for different crimes, under assumed names.

Offences of every variety have also sprung out of visits to them.

Mr. Maher committed forgery.—Verdict, insanity.

Simpson, the stockbroker, is on board the Hulks for fraud.

A clerk in the Navy Pay Office, a friend of Sir G. C——, taken up in Paris, brought to this country, tried for embezzlement, and transported.

Captain L——s, aide-de-camp to the late Lord Hutchinson, after losing his money at No. 5, King Street, and No. 77, Jermyn Street, went home, and, in a fit of desperation, cut his throat, but did not do it effectually. It was rumoured throughout the hells that he was dead. On his recovery, he paid a visit to No. 10, in St. James's Square, at which place he met with a friend, who, upon seeing him, exclaimed, "Why, L——s, I'm glad to see you; I never expected to see you at 'rouge' again; why, they told me that you were dead."—"Oh! no," replied the captain, "but I have learnt a lesson which I shall not

easily forget, never to risk my property again in a gaming-house."

The instances of persons being reduced from great affluence to penury and distress, are very numerous indeed.

The late Colonel T——, lieutenant-colonel of artillery, who had seen a great deal of service, had received several very severe wounds, for which pensions were allowed him, and was considered one of the bravest officers of the service, was a constant visitor at these houses. Besides losing his private income, he used also to lose his pension and half-pay, as regularly as he received them. Though his income, altogether, was near a thousand a year, more than half his time he was without a guinea, during which, he would borrow of whoever would lend him. This brave man, who was a giant against the foes of his country, was converted into a mere pigmy by these houses, and was always in embarrassments. In spite

of a very painful wound in his leg, he has often walked miles to secure a dinner, or to borrow a pound. One day, when he could scarcely put one foot before the other, the writer met the colonel in the Strand, on his way to some agent in the city. He asked the loan of five shillings to pay for a coach; the request was instantly granted. When he was without money, he would bitterly curse the hells and his folly together; but he no sooner received an advance, than away he would post to them again, so powerfully did the dreadful propensity control him. At last, poor fellow, he died in the rules of the King's Bench.

Captain —— is a post-captain in the navy, on half-pay. He has lost fortune in possession and in reversion, besides the respect of his immediate relatives, who, dying, have left him—not large legacies, which they



could and would have done, but—out of their wills. He relieved himself of his embarrassments, by taking the benefit of the act.

In Colonel B——, the hells sprung a mine of wealth, which yielded them full fifty thousand pounds. He is now in distress.

Colonel T. was in command of an infantry regiment, at the occupation of Paris by the allied troops. He there married a lady with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds; a great portion of which he lost at the Saloon,—not the choice one in Piccadilly, but another kind of one in the “Rue Grange Batallier,” in Paris. He came to England, and soon lost the remainder. He then sold his commission, and lost the purchase money. He now depends wholly upon his friends for support.

Sir ——, Bart. came at an early age to a

princely fortune and the baronetcy. Soon after a vacancy occurred in the representation of a southern county, in which neighbourhood laid a great part of his estate, and he succeeded, his family and himself being held in great esteem in that and the adjoining counties, in securing his election without opposition. The spiders of the gaming-web were in active motion to fall in with him every where. The race spider, the fight spider, and the hell spider, alternately griped and bled him in their turn. He was the easiest flat that ever fell into their claws. No. 5, King Street; No. 9, Bennett Street; No. 58, Pall Mall; No. 81, Piccadilly; and, latterly, 50, and 51, St. James's Street, have been the scenes of many a midnight robbery, committed upon this open-hearted, generous, and, with the exception of the abject vice of gaming, amiable baronet.

His fortune, (nor no other man's yet,) was able to withstand the shock of collision with the foul practices of such knaves. He soon

was in want of money. He raised it upon mortgage. He lost the hold he had upon the county he represented, and upon the next general election was thrown out, though he put himself to a vast expense to insure his return, which farther increased his difficulties, in which he has ever since been struggling, with the high spirit, which has always distinguished him, though bearded by every upstart, still unbroken. It is a melancholy thought, that such a man as this, born to great pretensions; with a princely spirit; with a mind and abilities capable of adorning a senate and his country, should have all the fine attributes of a man nipped in their bud, by the universal blast of gaming.

Mr. ——— came upon the “pavé” at a very early age, much to the blame of his parents to allow it. The gaming web was soon spread around him, leaving him a focus just sufficient to move in. Money lenders, of

whom money at an enormous interest, was obtained to pursue gaming of all kinds, and gaming-house keepers held his post-obit bonds for very considerable amounts. When his father died, he came into the undivided possession of an immense fortune. He threw many post-obit transactions into chancery, not gaming ones, for a false principle of honour prevented that, but usurious money-lending ones, which he was desirous of paying off upon equitable principles,—the amount advanced and a fair remuneration for its use. This spirited act, brought a vast many, who held his bonds, to better terms without recourse to law. He was induced to maintain a racing stud, than which, for gaming spiders, nothing is more desirable. The racing stable is so warm, that they have only to stretch their long legs for the various flies that *light* in the *dark* upon the thick-spread web, which is woven in every corner. The stud is sold off. This gentleman green-bottle, has now his wings and body

fast bound in the fishmongers' net, from which, it is expected, that it will not be long ere he is ejected, to give up the ghost in a foreign clime.

Captain F. was ordered off to the East Indies to join his regiment, and, in the capacity of paymaster, received from government, before his intended departure, a considerable sum of money, which he dropped at the different hells. His father was applied to, to make good the amount, but he could only advance a part. The unfortunate captain was therefore obliged to sell his commission to meet the deficiency, and his bright prospects were thus blighted for ever.

A gentleman named S. living in a fashionable square, though of considerable property, was always in embarrassments, from his play at French hazard, at the hell in Piccadilly, (now closed) and, subsequently, at Crockford's new

hell, (now just rebuilt,) in St. James's Street. Having lost all his ready money, immediately after the March quarter, he framed an excuse, and took his lovely young bride to his country seat. He there left her, and, upon a trifling pretence, hastened up to town. On his arrival, he pawned the family plate at a silversmith's, for three thousand pounds, which he quickly lost. The transaction came to the knowledge of his amiable lady, who, in a state of distraction, flew to the protection of her friends. They now live separate.

One night, after the opera, the young Marquis of B——, in the company of Lord W——, and Mr. D——, went to play at rouge et noir, at No. 9, Bennett Street, St. James's. They were all a little flushed with wine, particularly the noble marquis. Mr. D—— soon lost his money. Lord W—— won ten ten-pound stakes, which he lent to Lord B——, as soon as they were won, his lordship meeting with

indifferent success. At length the marquis lost all. He borrowed of the hellite one hundred pounds. The cloth, on which stakes were put for black, was of a claret colour, and his lordship, who had a great fancy for the colour, as well as for wine of that name, generally backed black, exclaimed, "claret's the colour,—waiter, a glass of claret." This was repeated nearly at every stake, till the waiter, to be more ready to attend to his commands, stood behind his lordship with the bottle of claret and glasses on a silver tray. He soon lost the hundred pounds; he borrowed a second,—a third, and a fourth hundred. It all went. He wanted a fifth, which was refused, without his lordship gave a check for the five hundred. The marquis would not do that. A warm altercation ensued. His lordship began to feel that claret *wine* was rather more substantial than the *colour*, and used, under its influence, some few round and harsh phrases. The hellite retorted. The dealer, a powerful

man and a good boxer, then interfered. Some very high words passed, and the dealer, pulling off his coat, offered *to fight his lordship!* and began squaring at him. The noble marquis would have been treated very roughly, had not his two friends interposed to prevent so scandalous an outrage. A peculiar instance, among many, of the levelling effects of these places, where a noble marquis and a “croupier” actually meet each other half way, the lordling degrading himself to an equality with a dealer, and a dealer believing himself to be as good as a lord.

Mr. —, while yet very young, came into, it is said, full six hundred thousand pounds, in ready money. The reptiles of the gaming web were quickly in motion, to fall in with and pounce upon him. So rich a victim is not every day to be met with. His steps were followed, his every movement watched, and the venomous reptiles were lying in wait for



him in all directions. The gaming monsters were in ecstasies when it became known (and news of such events fly very fast throughout the web,) that the "golden" gentleman played and was a heavy loser at the late Watier's Club-house, (in which concern Crockford was a fourth partner,) at French hazard, and that he occasionally played at "rouge et noir," in Bennett Street. The members of other gaming establishments, in the neighbourhood, were nightly in the most anxious hopes, that in his rounds, he might happen to lodge on their part of the web. Creatures from each house were constantly upon the look-out for him, in order, when they had opportunity, to acquaint him with the situation of the hells to which they were attached. A nest of them soon became known to him, at No. 75, St. James's Street, where "rouge et noir" was played up to one o'clock in the morning, and after that hour, English hazard throughout the remainder of the night, whenever any *gay*

*mid-night golden-tinted green bottle* fell into their clutches, and was likely to afford them a rich repast. This gentleman, in company with the Earl of U. and Mr. M., one night, at a late period, came to the above place. The spiders, well knowing each other's properties, seldom meddle with one another, and there being no fly to bleed, there was no play going on at the time of their entrance. They no sooner appeared, however, than the wink passed round, and the box and dice were instantly put in motion, and "seven's the main, seven," was promptly the cry. There were present besides of the "ring," B. and O., the proprietors, a creature of their's, the late Mr. P., one of the most expert managers of the dice ever known, and two or three more. Pocket-books were produced, money displayed, fictitious bets offered, and every allurements thrown out to induce the three gentlemen to play, especially Mr. —, against whom a dead set was made. Mr. P. produced a few hundreds, and made a

great show of the notes, which he never did, but when there was a good flat to draw. Mr. P. subsequently observed, that "his money would have been risked upon a good adventure, for he was well aware that his (the gentleman's) checks were good for twenty thousand pounds—an amount that might be won of him if he got a little sprung, as he would be lucky indeed if he could beat them all," especially, he might have added, in spite of the foul practices which also would have been resorted to to rob him. However, for this time, their manœuvres did not succeed, for the three friends, after losing some small amounts, left the house. It would have been well, if they had always remained as wary, for subsequently each has lost heavily to the French hazard bank.

General Lord — was obliged to accept a command, in a distant country, on account of his severe losses at Fishmongers' Hall.

Captain —, another post-captain in the navy, was in the habit of going to a “rouge et noir” hell, in Pall Mall, and used to afford to players, bankers, croupiers, and waiters, the greatest amusement, by being excited in a very peculiar manner, as he won or lost. There was a very superb plate glass over the chimney-piece in the play-room of the hell, in which the gallant captain was very fond of admiring himself, and to which he would go, (generally standing up to play) between each “coup,” and talk loudly to himself.

One evening the following scene took place:—

Croupier.—“Make your game, gentlemen, the colour’s black.”

Captain, coming from the glass.—“Twenty pounds black.”

Croupier.—“Seven, eight—red loses.”

Captain, going to the glass and smiling.—  
“Delightful game this, sir; I could have staked my life black would have won.”

Croupier.—“ Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red.”

Captain, coming from the glass.—“ Thirty pounds red.”

Croupier.—“ Three, five—red loses.

Captain, going to the glass, grinning with rage.—“ Oh, you d—d fool!” shaking his clenched fist at himself, “are you not ashamed of yourself?—why didn't you put on red?”

Croupier, amid a general titter.—“ Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red.”

Captain, coming from the glass and muttering.—“ Fifty pounds red.”

Croupier.—“ Two, one—red wins.”

Captain, going to the glass and smiling.—“ What a charming game, quite delightful, sir; upon my word,” stroking his chin and shaking his head complacently at himself, “ you are a lucky dog.”

Croupier.—“ Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black.”

Captain, coming from the glass with the ut-

most good humour.—“ Five-and-twenty pounds black.”

Croupier.—“ Nine, three—red wins.”

Captain, going to the glass and stamping his foot.—“ D—nation! Ah, you ass!” grinning wildly, “ I told you it would be a red.”

Croupier.—“ Make your game, gentlemen, the colour’s black.”

Captain, coming from the glass.—“ Will you let me win a coup, you thieves?—Forty pounds red.”

Croupier.—“ Seven, five—red wins.”

Captain.—“ What a sweet game!” taking out his snuff-box and offering it to a by-stander, “ take a pinch of snuff, sir. Really this is delightful.”

Croupier.—“ Make your game, gentlemen, the colour’s red.”

Captain.—“ Thirty pounds black.”

Croupier.—“ Six, eight—red loses.”

Captain.—“ Pray take a pinch of snuff, sir; really I never saw so beautiful a game in all

my life," going to the glass and rubbing his hands. "Oh, you lucky fellow! D—n it, how handsome you are looking to-night."

Croupier.—"Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black."

Captain, coming from the glass, all gentleness.—"Thirty pounds red, sir."

Croupier.—"One, four—red loses."

Captain, biting his lip.—"How cursed unfortunate!"

Croupier.—"Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red."

Captain.—"Fifty pounds red. Let me see if I can win for once."

Croupier.—"Eight, forty—red loses."

Captain, going to the glass, his features writhing in agony.—"You egregious fool! I told you you would lose. Didn't I tell you it would be a black?"

Croupier.—"Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red."

Captain, coming from the glass.—"Stop,

I say, you d—d thief. One hundred pounds red.”

Croupier.—“ One, three—red loses.”

Captain, stamping every step to the glass.—

“ Oh, my God ! my God ! my God ! Are you not a villain ? are you not going headlong to destruction, sir ? Why do you play, you d—d fool you ? ”

Croupier, scarcely able to restrain his laughter.—“ Make your game, gentlemen, the colour’s black.”

Captain, coming from the glass.—“ Stop, I say, you thundering knaves—you cheats ! one hundred pounds red.”

By-stander.—“ Allow me, sir, a pinch of snuff.”

Captain.—“ I’ll see you d—d first, sir. Do you think I buy snuff to supply the whole parish ? ”

Croupier, amid a roar of laughter.—“ Silence, gentlemen, if you please. The game is made. One, four—red loses.”



Captain.—“ Oh, you d——d thundering thieves! you cheating vagabonds!” going up to the glass, and striking his head with his hand, “arn’t you a villain? didn’t I tell you you would lose all your money?” grinning at himself horribly. “ You consummate block-head ! you’ve undone yourself.”

The captain lost three or four more “ coups” against a continued run of blacks, and was completely aground. His rage then knew no bounds. He broke the hand-rakes, threatened violence to the people of the house, and walked up and down the room in the greatest agitation. At length he approached the door, and turning round exclaimed, “ you d—nation villains, I wish I had you on board my ship, I’d have you all rammed into one of my stern-chasers, and I’d blow you all to h—ll, and be d——d to you.” The captain then flew out of the house like a madman, foaming at the mouth, leaving the play-room convulsed with laughter.

On a subsequent occasion, Captain — was losing heavily. He had down upon the black for one "coup," one hundred pounds. It came "one," he fondly expected to win; "one, après," destroyed his hopes. He backed it out with seventy pounds, all he had left. The "coup" came off "three, two,—red wins." He raved and tore about the room, swearing most bitterly. One of the hellites wanted to quiet him. He said, "Pray, sir, don't make such a noise, you only lost by a 'pip.'"—"A pip, you land lubber!" retorted the captain, clenching both his fists and grinning wildly, "I wish you may all die of the 'pip,' and be d—d to you all, you worse than highwaymen!" and then instantly strided out of the room.

The following narrative is at once descriptive of the fatal delusion which afflicts the minds of all players to their ruin, and of the total heartlessness of the knaves who encourage it to their own enrichment.

Mr. C — served in Spain during the whole of the Peninsula war ; he held there a station of great trust, which he filled with honour to himself and advantage to the service. When peace crowned the unparalleled efforts of the British nation, he returned to England with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, part his own patrimony, and part savings from his pay. He placed it in the Bank of England, and thence derived a genteel independence. In the year 1817 he married an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful woman, with whom he obtained five thousand pounds, which were added to the other sum in the Bank. He immediately took a suitable house, a short distance from London, where they lived for some time in unmingled happiness, blessing each other with mutual kindness and endearments. Under these good auspices, two years quickly rolled away, during which period they had two fine and healthy pledges of their love. Alike in temper, each new day gave fresh

proofs that their hopes and joys were made up in one another, till a fatal occurrence vitally blighted their best prospects, and plunged their house of nuptial comfort and bliss into one of sorrow and want. Mr. C—— had the ill fortune to meet, by accident, in Bond Street, an old brother officer, who lured him to one of those houses of robbery in St. James's Street yclept "hells," when its meretricious excitements infatuated his mind with all their desolating consequences, and he became, at least in conduct, a completely altered man. The relation of their hapless misfortunes, from this time, will appear with more interest in the language of Mr. C——'s lady, who bore the dreadful misery inflicted on her, by her husband's unpardonable misconduct, with more than Roman fortitude and virtue.

" Henry had visited the gaming-houses more than three months, without my having the slightest notion so dreadful a calamity had befallen us, though I had felt extremely un-

easy at his coming home all hours of the night. I had also noticed him thoughtful and unsettled, and that he carried about his person more money than common. At length, I came to the knowledge of the fatal truth. One morning I saw him count upwards of one thousand pounds in notes, put them into his pocket-book, and shortly after leave home. He did not return till four o'clock next morning. I got up at ten, when I found my milliner waiting to crave the payment of a bill of forty-seven pounds, as it would assist her. I had not quite so much; I went to get it of Henry, I found him asleep; not liking to wake him, I took out his pocket-book which proved empty. I searched his pockets, and found only three half-pence, and some cards headed R. N. with little holes pricked in them, which I have learnt, subsequently, were 'rouge et noir' marking cards, on which he had traced the progress of the game. The fact of Henry's gambling instantly flashed upon my mind;

‘ Surely,’ I exclaimed, in great agony, ‘ Henry gambles,’ and I sunk into a chair overcome with my feelings. The noise awoke him, when seeing that I was pale, and much agitated, he inquired the cause. I could not muster up courage to hint my suspicions, but I asked ‘ what he had done with the money he had yesterday;’ he replied, with ill-concealed confusion, that ‘ he had lent it to a friend.’ I was now fully convinced. For the first time in my life, a creditor had to leave my door unsatisfied; but, alas! it was only a forerunner of repeated instances of the same kind, and of still deeper degradation. In spite of my tears and entreaties, he continued the horrid pursuit. In a few months he had sold out all our money in the Bank, which soon vanished. About this period, I gave birth to a third child, a boy, which, on account of the dreadful state of mind I had been in, and the many sleepless nights I had passed, was a very weak and sickly babe. Though Henry’s fortune

was now gone, the vile propensity still clung to him with unabated fury. All the money he could get together, he took, and lost in like manner. Sometimes he won a trifle, but which did him more harm than good, for he was sure to go back and lose every penny again; besides, these spurts of luck, as they are called, only served to still farther enthrall and deceive his mind. Our difficulties and miseries multiplied. All credit with the tradespeople ceased. From time to time, Henry parted with his gold ornaments, and then disposed of mine. The household plate, furniture, and linen then went; next, by degrees, our wardrobe. We parted with our domestics to one, and I then was forced, in a very delicate state of health, to suckle the last boy myself. Whatever sum he got, he seldom left any at home. He has often gone out with plenty of money, leaving dinner unprovided, and has returned pennyless, bringing in his pockets a few biscuits, supplied by the house, *gratis*! where he had

lost his money, from which I have often had to make a meal. At last, our resources were completely exhausted, and we had not proper food or clothing. No language can describe the excess of my misery at this time; I was again far gone in the family way, which gave me more than usual pain, and my breasts were ceasing to afford milk to my poor little boy. Who can tell a mother's pangs at so dreadful a circumstance? The food I ought to have taken myself, I frequently put aside to divide between the children and servant at another meal. I was ashamed to make my condition known to any one; besides, all our friends had forsaken us, but the noble-hearted Mr. M——. He was a bosom friend of Henry's, and from the moment of our marriage, to within a short period, had been a constant visitor. He called one day, just after I had sent a small article out to pawn, (to that I was reduced) to buy food, when he was quite shocked at the misery around us. Every thing was the reverse of what



he had been accustomed to see. He made no inquiry, but seized a pen from the inkstand near him, and, with a trembling hand, wrote a check for fifty pounds; he instantly arose, pressed my hand, left in it the check, and exclaimed with deep emotion, while tears gushed from his eyes, 'Oh, Maria! Henry, I have long suspected, treats you ill,' and he hastily left the house. Unaccustomed as I now was to any kindness from the world, or from Henry, and worn down with grief and anxiety, this act of feeling generosity quite overpowered me, and I burst into tears. While in this state, Henry came home. He wept too at the goodness of his friend. He hastened to town to get the check cashed, strictly promising to bring the money home to me. He returned quite heart-broken; 'Maria,' he said, 'keep the poor children and servant from my sight: pray don't upbraid me, for I am quite distracted. To save the trouble of going to Coutts's, I changed the check at a

gaming-house. I was induced to play,—you can guess the result,—I have not a penny left. When I had lost all, with agonized feelings I thought of home; I asked the proprietor of the house to lend me five pounds,—even one pound,—to take home, actually stating the condition of my poor family; the wretches refused me; oh, God! I could have torn them to pieces.’ This blow was the severest of any. It was enough to wean me from Henry for ever, but I still tenderly loved him; I felt that our miseries sprang from the errors of the head, and not of the heart, for that was kind and gentle. However, this I thought the best time, or never, to make an impression upon him, and to endeavour to shake the propensity that had involved us in such bitter distress. ‘Look, Henry,’ I said, ‘at your two eldest children, whose cheeks, once so plump and blooming, are now wan and emaciated, while they, poor things, are crying with hunger; then look at the dear innocent in my arms,

sickly and weak, in consequence of its mother's troubles, wanting milk, which my breasts have not. Now cast your eyes upwards and look at me; my cheeks pallid and thin,—then view my bosom, once jutting with infant nurture, is now sterile and withered by want of proper nourishment,—that bosom whose joys, you used to say, were yours, is now a prey to despair and wretchedness; if all this does not move you, see what an altered object you are yourself; look at your portrait which hangs there, taken when we were happy, and then view yourself in the glass. When you have duly weighed these things, contrast your conduct at a former period with what it has recently been, and you will no longer be at a loss to what to attribute the change.'—'For Heaven's sake, Maria,' he replied, 'say no more, I see it all, I will never gamble again.' For some weeks he kept his word, but I found, by his irregular and late hours, that he had been induced to

return to those vile dens of robbery, when our distresses were again speedily and miserably increased. In the midst of them, I was compelled to keep my bed, expecting to be confined every hour. M—— came and paid a visit to my bedside; he was deeply concerned. He took out his purse, and put down a twenty pound note; as usual, after affectionately pressing my hand, which he bedewed with tears, he abruptly left. — Henry, on his arrival, slunk away, but did not return. I had no alternative, he had the note to change; I could not doubt, considering the state I was in, which required every necessary, but that he would bring back the money,—it went like the rest. Thus it would appear, that the best of men had changed to a brute. When I learnt it, I thought my heart would break; I fainted under weakness and woe, and in that state of insensibility, was confined with a still-born child. When I came to a sense of the circum-

stance, my heart was rent with the keenest anguish. I remained for a long time in great danger; indeed, I must have died under the accumulation of mental and bodily suffering, but for the skill of Dr. S——, and the great kindness of M——, who daily called, and supplied the means to obtain for me every comfort. When Henry saw his dead child, he was stung to the heart. He raved, tore his hair, and, with a voice smothered with inward agony, vowed over the lifeless innocent, never to enter a house of play again; and he has kept his word. Through the goodness of M——, he obtained, shortly afterwards, a situation under government, and though we do not live in our former affluence, we are in comfortable and easy circumstances. Henry's conduct to me, and to his children, is exemplary in the extreme; he endeavours, by every show of kindness and attention, to assuage and efface the sorrows of the past, and my mind is regaining its usual serenity. Henry

has, in a great degree, regained his former good appearance ; the dear children" (on whom she glanced, as they were playing around her, a look of maternal fondness and delight,) " have once more their plump and ruddy cheeks ; and I am fast recovering my health, and beginning to feel happy again."

It is very rare indeed, that such an issue as this ever attends visitors to these horrid places, for themselves and families are, generally, plunged into a state of complete and irretrievable destitution. The appearance of the amiable narrator, while she was unfolding this tale of woe, was peculiarly interesting and affecting. The dreadful and trying ordeal she had passed through, had given to her voice and features a plaintive and touching melancholy. During the relation of her sorrows, (which were yet fresh in her remembrance) her bosom swelled with sighs, and the tears started from her lids, which, together with

her tone and manner, were calculated to make an impression never to be effaced.

This affecting story awakened a deep feeling of sympathy in the hearts of Sir Walter's noble auditors. The baronet evinced in reading it a very strong emotion. He had got too far committed in the tale, ere he was aware to whom it referred, to pass it over; which he, otherwise, would have felt inclined to have done, because he himself figured somewhat conspicuously in it. The initial "M." which was only pronounced, would not of itself have identified Sir Walter Mortimer, as the friend to the suffering, and deeply interesting Mrs. C——, but his peculiar manner too distinctly showed that he was very much affected by its recital, which all his endeavours to conceal proved unavailing, and left no room to doubt it.

Lady Eliza was the first, who was more immediately impressed with the fact, and her

ladyship, in consequence, listened to the melancholy details with the most lively concern. She glanced a look of tenderness towards the baronet at different touching passages, with a tear of sensibility trembling into existence, in her radiant eye.

A silence prevailed of some time, which, at length, was broken by the noble marquis, observing, that those anecdotes, no doubt, were but counterparts of many others that arose from so wretched a source. "I will not," continued the noble lord, "make farther comment upon a subject, which must fill every feeling mind with indignation and abhorrence."

"We are thinking," said the Marchioness of Meadowdale, "of quitting this spot, in a very few days, for Upland Castle. Will you be ready, Sir Walter, to form part of our escort?"

"Perfectly so, Lady Meadowdale, and at a moment's notice," replied the baronet.



Some lively airs, played by Lady Eliza on the harp, concluded the amusements of the evening.

The baronet, soon after, retired to the Well-house to enjoy a sound night's rest, which was not the less refreshing, because it was visited with dreams of happiness, wherein the image of Lady Eliza fluttered upon the scene, like sweet Hope, assuming in his view the most enchanting forms.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE following day the Marchioness of Meadowdale received an early visit from Mrs. Willoughby Portland, a lady of great worth, who was staying at the Well-house with her husband, Mr. Charles Edward Willoughby Portland, and his maiden sister. This lady was herself the bearer of cards of invitation to the family of Meadowdale to a "quadrille" party, which the Portlands intended giving on the ensuing Tuesday evening. Mrs. Portland's presenting the cards herself was not only a proof of her high respect for the noble family she wished particularly should form part of their guests, but was also expressive

of a desire to make a complimentary return for the last visit they had paid to Portman Square.

“ I am afraid, my dear Mrs. Portland,” said the Marchioness of Meadowdale, “ that we cannot avail ourselves of your very great kindness, for that is the day we have fixed upon for leaving this for Wales.”

“ Oh ! now pray, Lady Meadowdale,” implored Mrs. Portland, “ defer your departure till the next day ; I see by the looks of Lady Eliza and Lord Upland, that I have advocates in them that you should do us so much honour. We have a great inducement besides to urge. One of those wandering minstrels, who, at this season of the year, come to these parts from Wales and the country to the North, has been delighting the inhabitants of the Well-house with his exquisite playing upon the harp-guitar, which he has occasionally sung to. We have engaged the young minstrel for the evening, and I have no hesitation in believing

that you will be much pleased with his performance."

If the question had rested with Lady Meadowdale and her son and daughter, the point would have been yielded at once, for they were immediately convinced that the wandering minstrel was the musician they had heard concealed among the bushes, about whom their curiosity had been so much excited.

Upon the noble marquis entering the room, to pay his compliments to Mrs. Portland, for whom he had a very great esteem, Lady Meadowdale said, "well now, my dear Mrs. Portland, you can urge your persuasive eloquence with my dear lord,—and, if our wishes, joined with your flattering invitation, will avail, they are well inclined to accede to it."

"Well then," said the marquis approaching his amiable lady with a good-humoured smile, "I will agree to the conditions at once, though totally ignorant of their nature; but any thing

that will give my dear Lady Meadowdale, and my darling children pleasure," casting a look upon them of intense parental fondness, "can but be conducive to my own; therefore, my dear madam, whatever your request may be, it is granted."

This being settled, and while the beautiful scenery around was remarked upon, some fruit and wine were served. Sir Walter Mortimer at this moment arrived. He knew Mrs. Portland, by occasionally meeting her in the long room of the Well-house. A more particular introduction now took place.

"I am much pleased, sir," said Mrs. Portland, with a smile of familiarity, "that I have the opportunity of expressing a hope that you will do us the honour of joining our 'quadrille' party on Tuesday, with our mutual friends. We should have done ourselves the pleasure of sending you a card, but really you are so seldom seen at the Well-house, we did not know whether you were in this neighbourhood

or not. You shall have a card in the morning, and I hope you will excuse the irregular manner of the invitation."

"I beg, madam, you will not take so much trouble," said the baronet; "I shall be too happy to be of the party. The friendly manner of the invitation, requires no farther impulse to the remembrance of it."

The purport of Mrs. Portland's visit being thus answered, she shortly after took her leave.

In the evening, the baronet concluded Sketch No. 7.

Lieutenant B—— once went to a strange boot-maker, and ordered several pairs of boots and shoes. The son of Crispin wanted a reference. The request was rather awkward, for the lieutenant, losing his half-pay as soon as he received it, and whatever money he got besides, knew he could not give a satisfactory one. He desired the articles to be

made, and a bill of them to be brought at the same time, saying, that "his pay was as good as the Bank of England's." The period was, when the circulating medium was in notes. The "boots" were made, and brought to his lodgings in Bury Street, as desired. The boot-maker was ushered into the drawing-room, with the bag of boots and shoes in one hand, and a bill and receipt in the other. "What's that you've got in your right-hand?" said Lieutenant B——. "A bill and receipt, sir, for the goods," said the son of Crispin. "O, I can't pay you now for them," said the lieutenant, "but my name is Henry Alphonso B——, of the Dragoon Guards; I receive my pay in a month, and you must take my promissory note for that period." "I can't do that," said the boot-maker, "I expected ready money, and you said, 'your pay was as good as the Bank of England's.'" "So it is," added the lieutenant, "and you take my promissory note and you'll find it so." The boot-maker, with a little farther

scruple, was induced to leave the boots, and take the promissory note. When it became due, it was not paid; the boot-maker waited upon the lieutenant with the note for payment. "You must take another for a month, I have no *cash* yet," said the lieutenant. "This is not treating me well, sir; you said 'your pay was as good as the Bank of England's,'" said the boot-maker. "So it is," added the lieutenant; "take the second note, 'I *promise to pay*,' and when you demand payment for that, I'll give you another; the Bank of England don't do more."

Major ———, about eight years ago, commanded home from India, the — regiment of foot, the colonel having died in that country. He had eleven thousand pounds in India bonds; these, in consequence of play, at No. 5, King Street, were soon converted into English money, and lost. He then sold his commission, and lost also the purchase-money. He



always had a great predilection for grog; at the gaming-house, after dinner, when the money could flow as freely as the liquor, "more brandy and water" was the order of the day, and he has often given the waiter a five pound note for serving it. The nervous pouting of the under lip, always intimated the state of intoxication he daily got into. While thus, he never knew when he won or lost, and many unprincipled players have often claimed his money upon the table for their own. However, if this had not been the case, the result would have been just the same. The poor major, at length, fell into complete decay, and with innumerable others in the like condition, was shut out of the houses. He was a man of great talent, speaking fluently many languages; but his horrid propensity for liquor, and his severe misfortunes, have completely impaired his intellects. "More gin," is now the order of the day, and he is drunk upon it from morning to night. At the instigation of two

others, who reaped the greatest advantage by the transaction, he indicted Crockford, and compromised the indictment for five hundred pounds. It is stated, that the major was drunk from the moment of changing the first shilling, till he had not one left to change. His brother married the widow of a much lamented Prime Minister, and, no doubt, would exercise his influence in the major's behalf, but he finds, it is supposed, that it would be of no avail. The poor major exhibits in his person, a glaring and melancholy instance of a man of many advantages falling into ruin, incapable of withstanding the cruel blast which has also laid even, many a better man low and desolate.

When what he has drank has put the hapless major's brain into a state of excitement, he will often exclaim, pouting his under lip, "my misfortunes are peculiarly my own." So they are, major, and they should remain so, but

the record of them may not be without its advantage.

There is a certain little Jew, who says he has lost to the different houses near a hundred thousand pounds. He may have lost half that sum, but the money was his father's, whose name he forged, from time to time, till he did not leave his aged parent a shilling; who, rather than recover the money by the ignominious death of his son, took refuge in a work-house, where his hapless misfortunes and life, soon after, closed for ever.

Mr. A——, a diamond merchant, has lost very considerable sums indeed, both in London and Paris. He had the extreme weakness to go one night to No. 7, Bury Street, and lose twenty-three hundred pounds against a bank of only two hundred. He commenced playing twenty pound stakes, the limit allowed. As

he lost, he got some by-standers to put down a stake or two besides. Continuing to lose, he asked the bankers to allow him to play fifty pound stakes; this was granted. He still lost. He then asked to play one hundred pound stakes; the bankers consulted together, when they agreed to take from the table the two hundred pounds bank, and also one hundred pounds winnings, ("we will be winners, at all events," said one of the worthies,) and then they told him, he might play what stakes he liked to the amount left in the bank. He thus played against his own money. Though he varied the amount of his stakes, his bad fortune, "true as the needle to the north," stuck by him; he lost all he had—three-and-twenty hundred pounds. His repeated losses, at length, threw him into embarrassments, and he became a bankrupt. At the instigation of his creditors, actions were brought against the keepers of the different

gaming-houses, and about five thousand pounds only, recovered out of his immense losses.

The English hazard hells are frequented, for the most part, by the refuse of the other "hells," and the most abandoned characters. Scenes of a lost and disgusting nature are constantly taking place at them. The relation of one or two, will suffice to show the kind of a great many more. A person, of the appearance of a gentleman, was at four o'clock in the morning, at one of these horrid sinks of iniquity and wretchedness, completely cleaned out. He then took a gold ring from his finger, sold it for sixteen shillings, and soon lost the money. He produced a snuff box, disposed of it for thirty shillings, which likewise went. He took a handsome India silk handkerchief out of his pocket, and staked it against five shillings, which shared the fate of the rest. A valuable black silk neckerchief was in like manner

staked and lost. He then wanted to play his coat, but the keeper of the table now interfered and made him go away.

Another person, similarly infatuated, actually staked the shirt off his back, against ten shillings, and lost it.

The revolting language and brutal outrages of such places, are quite proverbial. Alike in practice, so are they in language, with the common thieves of the metropolis. The most barefaced robberies are every moment being committed at these places, against which the desperate bullies and sharpers around, prevent a man from seeking the least redress. Thurtell and his companions were constant visitors at them.

There were no less than nine constant players of one of these dens, in White-cross Street prison at one and the same time.

It has been mentioned, that in consequence

of so vast a number of ruined men thronging to the different gaming-houses, the keepers locked out a great many. Some of these, then turned the tables upon them, and indicted a few of them for keeping common gaming-houses. Hence the conviction of Bennett Oldfield, Phillips, Rougier, Carlos, Humphries, Fielder, Taylor, and some few more. All these persons, (with the exception of Phillips, who pleaded illness for not coming up to receive judgment, and is since dead,) were sentenced to fines and certain terms of imprisonment. The full terms of imprisonment have been served, and the parties are now at liberty, though but few of the fines have been paid. One, it is said, was remitted by the influence of a certain nobleman, a near relative of whom owed the party a gambling debt of fifteen hundred pounds, which was given up, as a consideration for his exciting such interference.

All indictments now are compromised, upon

the best terms to which they can bring their ruined victim. When a man is completely undone and in distress, he will ask for the loan of a few pounds. A pound or two are granted. If he, feeling dissatisfied, threatens a prosecution, one of the 'croupiers' will see him. This man will express the deep concern of the people of the house at his situation, and the ill luck that had recently attended the bank, which prevents their doing much for him; that they would not do any thing at all, if they supposed him sincere in his threats of indictment, about which he might do his worst. Such conversation generally takes place at a tavern, and the ruined man is treated to a bottle of wine and refreshment. He will then be told, that this proprietor or the other, is the best-hearted man in the world, and at any time will befriend him. The ruined man, believing such professions, will declare, that he did not intend to indict them at all. "Well," the croupier



will add, " I said you were too good a fellow for any thing of that kind, and I dare say, if you will write to that effect, I shall manage to get a few pounds for you."

For some paltry consideration they obtain from their victims a document of the following nature, which they term a release :\*

" In consideration of the sum of  
to me this day paid by \_\_\_\_\_ , I do hereby  
undertake, promise, and engage, not at any  
time hereafter to bring or prosecute any bill or  
bills of indictment, information, summons, or  
any other proceeding or proceedings at law  
whatsoever, against the said \_\_\_\_\_ , any or  
either of them, hereby acknowledging that I  
have not, nor ever had, any claim or demand  
whatever against them, any or either of them,

\* The original document, in the hand-writing of one of the party, who was to be included in this release, is now in the possession of the author.

jointly or severally, for or on account of any matter, cause, or pretence whatsoever. As witness my hand this      day of      1824.

“ Witness      .”

Though such a document as this, in a court of justice, would not be worth so much as the paper on which it is written, yet it operates with most persons as a bar to all proceedings whatever, from the fear of a public display of it.

Those who have proved the most obnoxious to the gaming-houses with indictments, were a party of about eight “excludeds,” humourously styled “the Irish brigade,” on account of the party being composed mostly of Irishmen, and acting generally conjointly. They carried on a system of warfare against the houses, which annoyed and harassed them dreadfully.

There is no wish by the following anecdote

to cover with more odium than is deserved, a person who expiated his crimes down at Hertford, though, in the opinion of most, it is impossible to add to the horror in which the character of that wretch is universally held. At the time the "Irish brigade" were very active in harassing the houses, Thurtell made an offer to *remove them out of the way* at fifty pounds a head, and *put them beyond the reach of all farther annoyance*. He proposed that four hundred pounds (taking their number to be eight,) should be put into the hands of some banker, subject to the performance of the undertaking. However preposterous and dreadful the proposition was, it is an undeniable fact, that it was made to the keepers of a certain gaming-house, but who, "to give the devil his due," did not agree to it.

The general mode of getting up these indictments is rather curious.

*Mr. Jones, a broken player, turned informer.*

*Mr. Williams, an acquaintance of Jones, who*

*connives at indictments, a sort of go-between, or negotiator between the indictor and the indicted; receives money from both sides, and still manages to keep a fair appearance with the world. Mr. Smith, a broken player in distress. Mr. Gripe, a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Crockford, the gaming-house keeper, Piccadilly.—Mr. Jones and Mr. Williams meeting.*

Mr. Jones.—“How are you, Williams? you are the very fellow I was wishing to see; I want to speak to you particularly. Can you spare half an hour?”

Mr. Williams.—“Yes; an hour if you wish.”

Mr. Jones.—“Well, let us move into the Green Park. I believe you know Smith?”

Mr. Williams.—“Yes, very well.”

Mr. Jones.—“Did he not play at No. 5, when Crockford was concerned there?”

Mr. Williams.—“He did; and lost a good deal of money there.”

Mr. Jones.—“Do you think he would go

before the Grand Jury as a witness for an indictment against Crockford?"

Mr. Williams.—“ I really can't tell. He is very badly off, so he might be induced. We can sound him upon the subject, if you like.”

Mr. Jones.—“ I don't know him, but by sight.”

Mr. Williams.—“ I will invite him to dine with me to-morrow, and you then can be introduced to him.”

Mr. Jones.—“ That's a very good plan; agreed; and now good-bye. Dinner at six o'clock, I suppose?”

Mr. Williams.—“ Yes, don't be later.”

*Mr. Williams's lodgings; eight o'clock, after dinner. Mr. Williams, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Smith over a jug of punch.*

Mr. Jones.—“ I recollect seeing you,” addressing Mr. Smith, “ play very high at No. 5, King Street, a few years back. Do you ever play ‘rouge’ now?”

Mr. Smith.—“Never. Indeed, I have no money to lose. My losses have deeply injured me.”

Mr. Williams.—“Yes, that they have. I have seen you lose five hundred pounds at a time. What have you lost altogether?”

Mr. Smith.—“Seven thousand pounds,” sighing; “but what is worse,” sighing still deeper, “I have lost myself, and all my friends to boot, and I am now very much distressed; to be frank with you, so much so, that had you not invited me to dine with you, I must have dined with the duke.”\*

Mr. Williams.—“Don’t the houses do any thing for you?”

Mr. Smith.—“Nothing to speak of. Taylor let me have a pound the other day, but Fielder refused me even five shillings.”

Mr. Jones.—“Has Crockford done any thing for you?”

\* Not the most agreeable alternative, for the man who is stated to “dine with the duke,” has no dinner at all.

Mr. Smith.—“ I did apply to him, but I was refused.”

Mr. Jones.—“ I suppose a few hundreds will not come amiss to you.”

Mr. Smith.—“ A hundred pounds would be a fortune to me.”

Mr. Jones.—“ Well, there is a very easy way to get that, and more. If you will go before the Grand Jury to support an indictment which I will prefer against Crockford, he is sure to come down handsomely. Williams shall go to him, as a friend of both parties, to negotiate the compromise, and we will divide the amount obtained between us.”

Mr. Smith.—“ I have often thought of indicting some of them, but I never yet could muster up courage to do it. I should be ashamed to be deemed an informer.”

Mr. Williams.—“ Why, my dear fellow, what nonsense, your name will never appear. Crockford will never suffer it to go into court. You will get a few hundreds by it, which will

relieve your distress, and at very little trouble."

Mr. Jones.—" I will manage every thing for you, and direct you what to do. I will find money, and assist you occasionally that shall make you comfortable, nobody need know any thing about it. Come, what do you say?"

Mr. Smith.—" The offer is tempting to a man in distress, and I have a great mind to do it."

Mr. Jones.—" I know a d—d clever lawyer, on whom we can safely depend. I'll get him to prepare a bill of indictment directly. The sessions at Clerkenwell commence next Wednesday, and we shall get it found a 'true bill' without delay. Come, man, consent at once."

Mr. Williams.—" You are sure to make money."

Mr. Smith.—" Well then, I will do what you wish; but you must instruct me how to do it."

Mr. Jones.—" Do you recollect any periods



when you played at No. 5, and saw Crockford there?"

Mr. Smith.—“ No, I do not. I destroyed all memorandums I took of my play, but it was about three years back.”

Mr. Williams.—“ Never mind that, I'll get you dates.”

These preliminaries being thus settled, it was agreed that Smith and Jones should meet at Mr. Gripe's, the lawyer, No. —, Lincoln's Inn, next day, at two o'clock. Mr. Jones was there an hour before the appointed time, and found Mr. Gripe in his office.

Mr. Gripe.—“ Well, Mr. Jones, what can I do for you this morning?”

Mr. Jones.—“ I want you to prepare a bill of indictment against Crockford, for keeping a common gaming-house at No. 5, King Street, St. James's.”

Mr. Gripe.—“ That I can do. I must have dates; and is your witness good and to be depended upon?”

Mr. Jones, taking out a memorandum of dates that Williams and he had fixed upon over breakfast that morning.—“The 5th, 13th and 24th of September, 18—; and the 1st, 3rd, 9th, and 10th of February in the following year. My witness is a Mr. Smith, who can be safely relied upon; he will be here at two o'clock. I think we shall make a good thing of it this time. We'll hold out to the last moment, and seem determined to go to trial; we shall obtain better terms. You shall have a present of fifty pounds, besides your expenses.”

Mr. Gripe.—“I don't stir one inch in this matter without having a full share over and above expenses.”

Mr. Jones.—“That will be a fourth, as there is Williams, Smith and I to come in for our share.”

Mr. Gripe.—“O, very well.” The office bell now rung.

Mr. Jones.—“ That is Mr. Smith, I dare say.”

Mr. Gripe’s clerk.—“ Mr. Smith, sir, who asks for Mr. Jones.”

Mr. Gripe.—“ Shew the gentleman\_in.”

Mr. Jones.—“ Smith, how are you? you are pretty punctual.—Mr. Gripe, Mr. Smith.”

Mr. Gripe.—“ Take a seat, sir. Mr. Jones informs me,” putting on a professional air of importance, “ that you have been, among a thousand others, a severe sufferer by these gaming-houses, and are determined to do the public a service by prosecuting some of them.”

Mr. Jones here winked to Smith, who began to hesitate what reply to make, and at length said, “ Yes, sir, we are determined to go to trial.”

Mr. Gripe.—“ Mr. Smith, are you sincere in this business? Some of these indictments are got up purposely to compromise them afterwards, but I could have no hand in such a

transaction. You must promise to go on to trial."

Mr. Smith, who was wholly unacquainted that these observations were nothing more than a professional '*ruse de guerre*,' became still more confused, and at a greater loss what answer to make, till inspired by another wink from Jones, he replied, "We are quite resolved, sir, to bring Crockford to trial."

In due time the indictment was made out and preferred before the Grand Jury at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell. Two days Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith waited in the rotunda of the Sessions House among a crowd of prosecutors, defendants and witnesses upon different cases, of every class, in the anxious hope of being momentarily called in. At length the crier appeared at the door of the grand jury room, and lustily announced "The King against Crockford," and called in Thomas Jones and William Smith. They were examined by the Grand Jury for about half an hour, and

then desired to quit the room. They waited about for some time before they were informed that the Grand Jury had returned "a true bill." They hastened immediately to Mr. Gripe, who lost no time in obtaining a judge's warrant against Crockford to answer the indictment. Crockford got early intelligence of what was brewing against him, gave forty-eight hours notice of bail, and kept out of the way till his bail was accepted, which avoided the unpleasant alternative of being taken up upon the warrant, and remaining in custody for the forty-eight hours. Crockford looked upon the indictment as a matter of course, and expected daily to hear of some offer of compromise. In the mean time he caused it to be generally circulated, that in consequence of being indicted so often, he was determined to run all risks and stand his trial. The indictment was moved by certiorari into the King's Bench, and the term during which it was marked down for trial, was fast approaching. Now

was the time, therefore, to see what was to be done. Mr. Williams put himself in the way of meeting with Crockford in the street, as calling at the hell would have borne too much the appearance of design. In three days' peregrination Mr. Crockford was met by Mr. Williams in Piccadilly.

Mr. Williams.—“ Ah, Crockford, how are you? I have not seen you this age. Anything new in the play world?”

Mr. Crockford.—“ No, nothing; only the people von't leave me alone. I am indicted again, but I vill go to trial this time, if it doesn't drop of itself, vich is wery likely to be the case, as I am told they havn't much money to go on vith.”

Mr. Williams.—“ Who are the parties?”

Mr. Crockford.—“ Jones and Smith, and Gripe is their lawyer.”

Mr. Williams.—“ If it's Thomas Jones there is no want for money, and Gripe is a very clever fellow. I would advise you to settle it. I

will see what I can do in the matter for you ; you know I am ready to serve you at any time."

Mr. Crockford.—“ Vell, you can see vat they vant, and let me know."

Jones, Smith, and Williams then councilled together, and all agreed that two thousand pounds should be asked, as the case was so clear, and the judges were determined to be very severe in all convictions."

Mr. Williams called upon Mr. Crockford at the hell, and was immediately admitted.

Mr. Crockford.—“ Vell, Villiams, vat have you done for me about this here matter?"

Mr. Williams.—“ I have seen all the parties, and they want two thousand pounds."

Mr. Crockford.—“ Two thousand pounds ! I von't give them two thousand pence ; I will give them no such money. I am wery much obleged to you, and here is a five pound note for your trouble."

Mr. Williams.—“ O, you are very good ;

I'll see them again, perhaps they will take less."

Mr. Crockford.—“ Upon their signing a release I vill give 'em fifty or a hundred pounds, but not one farthing more. Say I vill let it go on to trial, but I doesn't mind a hundred pounds to put an end to it. If you can make that arrangement, I vill give you twenty pounds for yourself.”

After repeated meetings, and the day of trial close at hand, it was at length agreed that five hundred pounds should be the amount of the compromise, besides the lawyer's bill, which is always paid without examination. Mr. Gripe's bill amounted to fifty-seven pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence.

In subsequent cases, Mr. Crockford observes to the parties who negotiate the compromise, “ Vy didn't they come to me at vonce and tell me that they wanted a hundred pounds, or they vould indict me, they should have it vithout all



this fuss, and save me law expenses, vich don't do them any good."

Josiah Taylor, a late partner with Crockford, was indicted about three years ago. There were only three persons in this affair, B. and S., and H. the attorney. After a great many negotiations, it was finally agreed that three thousand *sovereigns* should be the price of compromise. Taylor's house in Arlington Street was the place appointed for the payment to be made, and the *release* to be given. The attorney, attended by his client, was punctual to the appointment. They were ushered into the dining room. They waited a short time, when Taylor's servant came into the room with his master's compliments, and said, that he had just finished counting the sovereigns, that all was ready, but he wanted a sight of the release to see that it was in proper form, &c. Not suspecting any thing wrong, the document was

given to the servant, who, soon after returned, saying his master would not give them a penny. They asked for the release, which request, of course, was not granted. They were then ushered into the street without any ceremony. Taylor had secured the attendance of a high legal officer, who was up stairs in the drawing-room at the time, under whose advice he acted. Taylor subsequently prosecuted the three for conspiracy to extort money, upon which charge they were found guilty. The Court took a merciful view of the case as regarded Taylor's prosecutor and his witness, on account of their losses at play, &c., ordering one to enter into his own recognizance to appear if called upon, and the other, against whom the case was clearest, to a short imprisonment in the King's Bench; but the attorney was ordered to be struck off the Rolls of the Court, and to undergo also a short imprisonment.

Taylor, however, did not come clear off, for thinking to get rid of the indictment altogether,

he first pleaded one thing, retracted it, then pleaded another, till he involved himself in some technical legal difficulties, which amounted, in spite of himself, to a conviction, without any trial, and he was sentenced to one year's confinement in the House of Correction, and to a fine of £5000. The fine has never been paid.

The gaming-house keepers can well spare a little of their ill-gotten wealth to avoid the penalties attached to their offences.

A young gentleman named S., of great talent and of considerable promise, a few years ago held a very responsible situation in an eminent merchant's counting-house in the City. One of his west-end acquaintance took him one evening, by way of "killing an hour," to a hell in St. James's Square. The mania for play immediately took full possession of him. Soon after he went the regular round of all of them;—St. James's Square, Pall Mall, St.

James's Street, and Bennett Street, one after the other. The mal-appropriation of his master's money, to the extent of full three thousand pounds, lost him his situation, and all his fair hopes were blasted for ever. The falling-off of his money caused him soon to be shut out of those denominated the great houses. He then took the run of the small ones. At one of these hells he got acquainted with a person connected with the passing of forged notes. He was induced by his distresses, and the representation that "the gaming-house keepers could not notice it, in the event of detection," to take a few and play them at the houses. This he did till the notoriety of the act caused him to be shut out of all of them. Thus cast upon the world, without a friend or a single stay, he commenced passing bad notes with tradesmen, &c. This career was short; he was detected, apprehended, tried and executed, under a feigned name.

It has been considered by many players, that as the hells had the best of them, it was but fair play to endeavour to get the *pull*, if possible, in their own favour. Some of the hells, therefore, have had a variety of schemes put in practice against them. The most prominent was at No. 40, Pall Mall.

Mr. C——, when a clerk in the Treasury, (he is now a croupier in a low gaming-house,) was a daily and a nightly player at No. 71, Pall Mall, No. 10, St. James's Square, and No. 9, Bennett Street. Mr. C—— was a great calculator, if the different games he hit upon to play at “rouge et noir,” upon which he always thought he should win, till his losses told him he was sure to lose upon all alike, can give him that character. His peculations of the public money obliged him, for a time, to go into obscurity. When he emerged from it, he came about the houses a perfect “Guy Fawkes;” his face was stained with walnut

juice, and he wore a high French collar up to his cheek bone, which slanted down his cheeks, and just skirted the corners of his mouth. Then a large black wig, false whiskers, and darkened eye-brows, completed his disguise. By the assistance of a friend, who was to share in the thing, he obtained three one hundred pound notes, and three one pound notes. He ingeniously cut the impression "one hundred" from the corner of each high note, and a piece to correspond out of each of the low notes, and pasted the pieces impressed "one hundred" upon the one pound notes. The notes were folded into four, with their faces outside. Thus prepared, he went one morning up to No. 40, P. M. kept by Rougier, where five shillings to one hundred pound stakes were played. Mr. C—— took his seat, and commenced playing small stakes; at length, thinking he was sure of the next "coup," he put down one of the fabricated one hundred pound notes; the colour lost on which he put it. The crou-

pier drew the note, with others, and placed it upon the other notes of one hundred pounds: Rougier was overlooking the table, and observed the stake of one hundred pounds which Mr. C—— played, and thought that there must be something wrong, as it was a heavier stake than he supposed Mr. C—— could afford to play, though the time had been, when Mr. C—— had lost a thousand pounds of a morning. Mr. Rougier took ten ten-pound notes from his pocket-book, and asked the croupier to give a hundred pound note for them, well knowing that he would give him the first, the identical one Mr. C—— had lost. He took the note on one side, examined it, and immediately detected the forgery. He called Mr. C—— into the front room, and challenged him with it. Mr. C. — fell upon his knees, craved the return of the note, and implored secrecy. Secrecy was promised; but the transaction was known at all the houses the same evening. Good notes were subse-

quently obtained of the Bank of England for the mutilated ones, it being stated, that they were torn by mistake.

Mr. C——, on a subsequent occasion, was playing at No. 6, Bury Street. The unfortunate young Hayward, who was soon after executed at the Old Bailey for house breaking, was there that evening. Mr. C——, asked if any one would bank five pounds with him and let him play. Hayward accepted the offer, and gave him some forged notes. Mr. C——, in the course of a few *coups*, lost one of the bad notes. Reid, the dealer, than whom there is not a better judge of forged notes, knew at once it was bad, and put it apart from the others he drew in. Presently another bad note was lost, when the dealer said, “ Now, Mr. C——, this is the second bad note you’ve played. I took no notice of the first, thinking that it might come into your hands by chance ; but this second one convinces me that it was



played by design." Mr. C—— declared his ignorance, and pointed out Hayward, who was standing at his back, as the person from whom he received them and with whom he was banking. Hayward was then recognized as having passed a great many forged notes at different other hells, and all he could say for himself was, that he had just received them in change for a twenty pound note.

Mr. C—— declared, when Hayward had left the house, that he was convinced he knew they were forged, "for," added he, "I was playing at Fielder's one night, when Hayward was there, and particularly admired a diamond ring which I had on my finger. He took such a fancy to it, I sold it to him for twenty pounds, which he paid me in notes to the amount of, ten pounds good, and ten bad.

Captain ——, late of the Life Guards, was in the habit of playing daily at No. 9, Bennett Street, and coming in his regimentals. It had

been observed by one of the dealers, that the captain always played upon the colour nearest to him, whether black or red, and that when that colour lost, he only drew a two one-pound stake, and when it won, he had to pay seven pounds to a five and two one-pound stake. He communicated his suspicions to Fielder, the proprietor, who, on the captain's next coming, narrowly watched him. It is a usual practice with players, to put the face of the notes downwards upon the table. The captain lost a stake, the bank drew two one-pound notes. The captain won the next, and turned the notes up to be paid. There were two ones and a five at the bottom. A look passed between the keeper and the dealer. The seven pound stake was paid, without observation, and a closer watch kept, to ascertain how the trick was done. The captain won another *coup* and turned the notes up as before. The stake was likewise the same. The cheat was effected by a five pound note being kept

in the palm of the hand, which, upon turning up the two ones, was adroitly slipped underneath, and thus made it a seven pound stake. The five pound note was examined, and the creases from the pressure of the hand, left no doubt of the fact. The captain was covered with shame and confusion, and received a torrent of the lowest abuse, in spite of his long sword and regimentals.

A more ingenious device than that was a long time practised with impunity. Each player has a hand rake to draw his money from, or put his money upon the colour beyond the reach of his hand. A person took one of these rakes away, had another made exactly to correspond, to screw and unscrew for the pocket. At the end, he had a slit just sufficient to hold a note, with a small spring concealed at the top to keep it in. By knocking the rake gently upon the table, the spring would give way, and out would fall the note. It

was thus effected:—The end of the rake contained a note for a large sum. The person put down a stake upon either colour, consisting of a few low notes. When it won, the rake was used as if to separate the notes for counting, in doing which, the spring would give way, and the note would mingle unperceived among the rest. This was only found out by the rake “hanging fire” and not shooting the note fairly out, in consequence of the spring getting out of order.

A rake similarly constructed to hold a sovereign, has more recently been used. To work this, silver was put down in a lump. When it won, the rake was used as if to count the amount of the stake, and out would pop the sovereign among the silver. It was some time before this trick was detected.

Another mode has been practised with success. A piece of very fine horse hair was at-

tached to a note of value. The person would sit at the end of the table, as far from the croupier as possible. The large note with horse hair, would be staked with notes for small amounts, and placed upon the top of them. If the colour won on which it was, it was allowed to remain to be paid to, but if it lost, it was pulled under the table by the horse hair, and would thus disappear in a moment. The busy scene of a *rouge* table prevented the cheat being early noticed.

A young fellow from Ireland, of good family, had lost very considerably at various houses, and had, in consequence, to encounter many severe privations. He received a remittance from Ireland. He went up to the "one hundred pound houses," and carelessly threw a hundred pound note upon the table. If it won, it was all very well, but if it lost, he would snatch it up, and leave the house. This act was soon known throughout the houses, and

afterwards he was refused admittance to all of them.

Another person went one morning to No. 10, King Street, where they played only thirty pound stakes. He put a twenty pound note upon black. It lost. He snatched the note from the table with his left hand, while with the right, he flourished a long pen knife, threatening with bitter imprecations, that he would plunge it into any one who attempted to molest him in his way out of the house. His features were phrenzied and demoniacal and flushed with a ghastly hue.

The constant excitement of such places, stir up and mature the vilest and basest passions of which the human mind is susceptible.

In France, where the gaming-houses are protected by government!! any offence against them is taken cognizance of by the tribunals, as if committed against private individuals.

Therefore, the lamentable instances of the demoralizing effects of such places are seldom known at them, though others, of infinite variety, are sensibly felt in private life.

One, however occurred, marked with a great degree of *sang froid*. A well dressed man, a native, went to No. 154, *Palais Royale*, where they play from five francs to twelve thousand, (about five hundred pounds English). He threw a purse, containing that amount, consisting *des louis* and *billets de bank*, upon the colour nearest the windows. The colour lost on which it was thrown. He snatched it up, as if in a great rage, and, with a few *sacrés*, threw another purse, corresponding in appearance, out of the window into the *jardin*, and deposited, unperceived, the rich filled purse safely in his pocket. The other was fetched. It contained a few francs, and two or three *louis* wrapped up in paper.

There is a small gaming-house in Bury Street,

which has, for a cloak, the name of Golding, Coal Merchant, on a brass plate upon the street-door. The croupiers at this hell induce persons, who don't like to appear themselves, to put down a bank, upon which they make their harvest, there being little or no play at it, to support the expenses. They receive their wages weekly, and occasionally deal away a few pounds to a friend in the secret, which is then divided between them. The cards are packed for such purpose. The same was practised with great success at No. 35, (now a private dwelling,) in Pall Mall.

The Morning Herald contained the following particulars of that hell.

#### **“ ANOTHER BANK STOPPED PAYMENT.**

“ The rouge et noir bank, No. 35, Pall Mall, suspended business yesterday. This is the second failure of that queer concern. However, there is great satisfaction to know that failures of such disreputable establishments are not attended with those



ruinous consequences to their customers, as the failures of another description of banks; but, on the contrary, they must be advantaged by them. There are many rumours afloat respecting the cause. Some say the cards were packed to bring off sure 'coups.' Money was advanced to persons in the secret to play for their coming off, when a sum equal to the stakes down, upon the winning colour, was paid, which was subsequently shared by the croupiers, the managers of the whole plan; thus the bank was ruined. By others it is alleged, that Mr. Adair, whose house is next door, and at the back, in St. James's Square, the 'hell,' overlooks part of it, begins to feel the inconvenience of having such a place so near his hospitable roof, and, in consequence, has signified his intention to have it indicted next sessions. When that most respectable gentleman had been entertaining his friends, and his house, consequently, lighted up, his residence has often been taken for the 'hell' itself. It must have been excessively annoying to him, to have had his house, by its locality to a common hell taken for one, and his visitors as so many gamblers.

Mr. A., no doubt, has taken the hint from the circumstance of the Marquis of Buckingham (now Duke) having lived next door to a disreputable 'hop,' called the 'Waterloo Rooms,' in Pall Mall. One evening the noble marquis gave a fashionable party, when some blades, who had just sallied from a tavern, more than 'half seas over,' mistook the marquis's mansion for the said hop, and were actually making their way to the drawing-room, but were stopped in time by the servants. The steward was ordered to indict the place as a nuisance, at the following sessions, which removed it altogether.

"If the neighbours of the 'hells' were to follow such a judicious plan, we should not hear of so many families plunged into misery and ruin, by the infatuated and fatal propensity which such infamous places nurture and encourage."

One of the partners of No. 75, St. James's Street, on going into the country, left one of two sons in charge of his interests in the concern. He was a gay, wild young man, and he had formed acquaintances with the players of

his father's hell, as thoughtless as himself. The young man used, occasionally, to deal. It was agreed that two of his acquaintances should come, prepared with a little money, in order to play upon some sure *coups* that he would pack for the purpose. The cue was given when they were coming off; this was practised a few times before it was found out; upon its being detected, a dispatch was sent off to the father, who came to town immediately. The son remained in disgrace with his father a long time afterwards.

The hells had plunged so many men into great distress, that applications to the hellites for assistance were innumerable. The two-penny post, each round, would bring half-a-dozen, or a dozen letters, containing requests for different sums; at length, they were so repeated and numerous, that the hellites came to the determination, not to take any more letters in. At this period, an intended work

was announced, privately, by the following circular: "Published by subscription. The Gaming-Houses! a faithful picture of, and insight into, those dens of robbery, vice, and infamy, and the certain ruin which awaits their frequenters. Illustrated by anecdotes of the keepers, by narratives of players, and by copies of letters now lying open at the Dead-Letter Office." One of these got into the hands of some of the hellites, when they, supposing that such letters would be inspected by sanction of government, countermanded the orders, and directed that all letters should again be taken in. The author never could have contemplated that government would compromise its honour, by allowing any one, but the proper person, to have the perusal of returned letters, who is sworn to secrecy. His intention was to obtain from what writers he could, the substance of their letters, and, in that manner, give the "copies of letters now lying open at the Dead-Letter

Office." Many a ruined man, however, had reason to thank this trivial circumstance, for his letters being received, and some trifling relief being afforded to his miseries.

Though the gaming-house keepers treat with scorn and insult the ruined victims they do not admit, outside the house their conduct is very different, when any such, by stratagem, manage to evade the vigilance of the porters, and get inside, especially into the room of play. One of the "excluded" wanted a couple of pounds, and meeting one of the hellites of No. 10, King Street, where he had been in the habit of playing, and losing his money, he asked him to advance that sum. The hellite turned sharply upon his heels, saying "I can't indeed, sir, I can't indeed." The excluded then watched an opportunity to get up stairs. He reconnoitred the premises the day before, for an hour before the hell commenced play in the morning. Half-an-

hour before the time, he observed the servant sweeping down the stairs, and white-washing the step; he also noticed the iron doors, which are always kept closed when play is going on, wide open, all the way up stairs. Near the hour of play, he saw the hellites, croupiers, waiters, and porters, arrive one after the other, and the doors then fastened for the coming of players. At the opening and closing of play, hellites and players turn in and out of such places, like so many boys to a day school. The next day, not seeing the street-door open, he rang the bell; the servant maid answered. He inquired for one of the hellites, and was informed he had not yet come; the excluded then said it was no matter, he would wait for his coming; upon which, with a few strides, he reached the room of play. The hellites, one by one, arrived soon after; they exhibited the greatest confusion and dismay at seeing the excluded seated at the play table. "How do you do, gentlemen?" said

the excluded. "I hope you're well, sir," said the hellites. "I've come to lose a few hundreds, as formerly," said the excluded. "We are very glad to see you, sir," said one hellite: "You know we don't wish you to come here," said a second: "Pray what is it you want?" said a third. "Why the fact is," said the excluded, "I am in great distress; I asked Mr. ——— to lend me two pounds, and he would not listen to me. Finding I was not attended to in the street, I determined to see if I could meet with better success in the house, and here I am."—"Send for an officer," cried one or two voices. "That is the very thing I wish to be done," exclaimed the excluded, taking a seat quietly at the play table. Finding the threat of an officer had no weight, "now tell us," said the third hellite, "what it is you want."—"Why, ten pounds," rejoined the excluded. "Will you go away if they are given to you?" added the third hellite: "I will," promised the excluded. The ten pounds were

then advanced. The sum was extorted from their fears. They were not only afraid of being indicted, but of losing a morning's play, if any disturbance had arisen, a thing of much more consequence. Ten pounds was but a drop in the ocean compared to it.

On another occasion, a half-pay officer, one of the "excluded," who had, in consequence, indicted several hellites, contrived one evening, by buttoning a new great coat closely up, and disguising his voice as well as person, to enter the play-room unknown. From his well known determined conduct, they would as leave have seen the devil enter as this "excluded." The table was full, and the play going on: "make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black," said the croupier. "Twenty pounds black," said the excluded, very loud, and in his own voice. The hellites stared, the croupier put down the cards, and all business was suspended for awhile. The players, igno-



rant of such things, could not make out "head or tail" of the matter. A hellite begged, as a particular favour, that the "excluded" would step on one side with him. "Why do you shut me out?" said the excluded. "Really, sir, I don't know," rejoined the hellite; "for my part, I should be happy to see you, but it don't lay with me. There are a great many more shut out besides you, sir, and I am very sorry for it."—"None of your blarney," said the excluded, "it won't do with me; I came up to win twenty pounds. "Well, sir, if you will allow me," said the hellite, "you shall not have the trouble of playing for it: if you will just step down stairs, I'll bring you the twenty pounds."—"No tricks upon travellers," exclaimed the excluded, "I'll not budge one inch without the money being given to me here." That was accordingly done, and the excluded went away. An indictment, and the tread-mill presented themselves to their view, which induced that mode of quieting the ex-

cluded. The porter was severely reprimanded afterwards for his negligence, and desired to take especial care that the "excluded" did not get in again.

It is an undoubted fact, that there are many broken men who receive an allowance, weekly, from one hell or another, in order to keep them quiet, and for them not to molest the hellites in their proceedings.

A hellite, named F——, who had amassed an immense fortune, and was living in a splendid mansion in Piccadilly, was once applied to, by letter, by a broken-down gentleman, to assist him with three pounds. When he called for an answer, the servant maid put into his hand a letter, apparently with the three sovereigns wrapped up within it in a row. The letter contained three shillings!!

Another hellite, by name O——, considered

by the rest of the honourable crew, even the most heartless of all, and who has also amassed a vast fortune, has frequently been applied to, to assist an undone man. His universal answer to such requests was, "I would never give a broken player a shilling, unless to buy a rope to hang himself with." The character of this observation is the more fiend-like, from the fact, that a brother of his was hung for defiling a girl of very tender years. This fellow was once without a shoe to his foot. The certain working of one game or another, enables him now to reckon his thousands and tens of thousands.

The following letter, from Expositor to the Times, contains some very useful information relating to the laws in reference to gaming.

**" GAMING-HOUSES,**

**" TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.**

"SIR,—The 'hells' are open to men of substance, resources, and character ; but when all their

money has been sacked, as well as what could be raised from friends and credit, and all their advantages have withered (which takes place gradationally with their losses, and before the view of the 'hellites' themselves), the porters, (who are selected for their great muscular and pugilistic powers,) are ordered not to admit them more; and if the baseness of such conduct is remonstrated against, they unceremoniously shove the complaining party into the street, (even heavy blows have often been inflicted,) and the doors are shut in their faces. This is done fearlessly of any consequences from their now friendless and pennyless victims, thus turning them upon the world, bereft of every stay, completely ruined and desperate. Hence these horrid places at once are sinks of heartless villany, and nurseries of every species of vice and crime. At them may be found many a —, who inveigle the inexperienced to their houses and fleece them; and many a Thurtell in principle, who, before their visits, probably were men of nice honour, but have at length become indifferent as to what they do. To suppress so dreadful and crying an evil, the

laws, it is said, are both numerous and penal : but if the whole of the statute-book were composed of such laws, and they prove to be nearly inoperative, (which I shall endeavour to show is the case,) they are but as a dead letter. These laws, I believe, are of a six-fold character,—action at common law, *qui tam* actions, information, indictment at the sessions or in the Crown-office of the Court of King's Bench, and bill of discovery in the Court of Exchequer.

“ Action at common law for the recovery of money lost at play, must be brought within three months of the loss. The delusive and infatuated feeling which takes possession of a man's mind the moment he enters a ‘ hell,’ that he will be able to win largely, and as he loses, that one lucky hit will bring back all his losses at once, never leaves him, but actually increases with his progress to ruin. No one thinks, therefore, of bringing such action till the time is gone by, or he has not a penny left to go to law with. Those who escape so dreadful a reverse, from their connections in life, are ashamed that such disgraceful pursuits of their's

should be known; so what from shame, want of funds, or the short limitation of time, such action is never heard of, though thousands have been lost from day to day for years. To make this law more effective, the time should be extended to ten years.

“ *Qui tam* action, which gives three times the amount proved to have been lost, must be brought within two years of the loss. The same observations as respect actions at common law, apply here. The time should be extended to ten years. Persons who are still blind enough to play, should take memoranda of the sums they lose, at what date and place, and should have some friend with them on whom they can rely, all of which will be of service if they think proper to bring either of the above actions. There has only been one *qui tam* action of late. ‘*Willans v. Taylor*.’ The plaintiff failed in proving the full extent of loss, but obtained a verdict of rather more than £200., which in effect was a verdict for upwards of £600. The defendant moved for a new trial, which was refused; he then took out a writ of error, which has carried the case

into the House of Lords. Since the commencement of this action, the plaintiff was caused to be arrested upon a bill of thirty pounds, given as an acknowledgement simply for that sum advanced by the people of No. 32, (late 46), Pall Mall, on account of some losses he sustained at that house. After being confined in a lock-up-house for some time, and put to great inconvenience and expense, the record was withdrawn.

“ Information, Indictment, and Bill of Discovery, can be pursued as distinct measures to the foregoing actions. Information is laid before a magistrate, who grants a search-warrant. If, when served, the parties are found at play, or are sworn to have been so, when the officers knock at the door (the party laying the information should contrive to be in the room of play at such time, as he will be better able to swear to the keepers and dealers,) they are convicted as rogues and vagabonds, and sentenced to certain terms of imprisonment and to hard labour. This is appealed against to the sessions, and bail is put in. In the mean while the informer is bought off, or the parties leave the country (fearing fresh

measures,) leaving money behind to cover the amount of bail, which comparatively is very inconsiderable, and no more is heard of the matter. No entrance will be gained into these places now without a great deal of difficulty, as there are strong iron bars to the windows, and three or four iron doors, which, for ingress and egress, are opened one at a time. But the magistrates, it is said, have come to the determination to grant no more search-warrants without the informer enters into sureties to prosecute and to pay all the expenses, thus leaving it optional whether to do this, or at once indict at the sessions, which probably is the best way.

“ Indictment at the sessions.—Bill of indictment can be preferred for any time, and is readily brought in by the grand jury ‘ a true bill,’ which is either tried there, or moved by *certiorari* into the King’s Bench. About two years ago, seven or eight, out of forty-five or fifty ‘ hellites,’ were indicted and convicted. They were sentenced to certain terms of imprisonment, and to fines amounting to near fifteen thousand pounds. The five thousand pound



fine has since been remitted, and the two of three thousand five hundred are sought to be. These sentences were ridiculously considered by many to be severe. The fines, if paid, altogether would not amount to many a single individual's loss to them, and separately not to many a single night's success to each. It is also worthy of notice, that when these gentry were brought up for judgment, nearly all pleaded wives and large families, pains in the head, rheumatism, gout, &c. The appeal of wife and family is calculated to awaken the liveliest sympathies, which predominate even with the savage, and there are few hearts it won't warm and melt to pity; but among those few, are to be numbered some of those who thus appealed, and who have turned a deaf ear to the appeals of many, whose all they have nefariously pocketed, for a few shillings only to take home to their starving wives and little babes. This is not a wanton assertion, it is too true, for this infamous gaming closes up the hearts of keepers or players against all feeling but for themselves. While the affidavits were being read, it was very amusing to see the writhings of their

features, one after another, characteristic of the various complaints they said they laboured under—every word seeming to inflict fresh paroxysms of pain. This is all very well; but it should not be forgotten, that these ‘invalids,’ up to the time of conviction, could sit up all hours of the night, watching the progress of the games, dealing cards or playing dice to serve their own purposes, which entailed such fatal results to others.

“ But to return from digressive matter. Since those convictions, none have taken place, though a great many indictments have been commenced. Some have been compromised, which for a small sum the miseries of the prosecutors incline them to agree to, and others have fallen to the ground for want of necessary funds to carry on proceedings, as the hellites tenaciously hold out, short of coming into court, in the hope of exhausting the means of the prosecutors, which often succeeds. One great hellite went to trial last September sessions upon an indictment, charging him with keeping different gaming-houses, from the year 1817 to 1823, thus including the whole time he was engaged in such

places, upon which he was acquitted. Last sessions he was again tried, with other indictments depending upon the issue, when he pleaded under the statute, which plea was recorded, and all the cases fell to the ground. Now it is notorious and easy of proof, that he did keep such 'hells,' and that he has collected a vast fortune; but it would appear, the laws are quite nugatory as respects him. The law says, each day the house is open is a separate offence; how then ought six years (upwards of two thousand offences, though of the same character,) be included in the same indictment, upon which an acquittal may be secured, which operates as a bar to all future proceedings, thus converting a bill of indictment into a bill of impunity?

"Indictment in the Crown-office of the Court of King's Bench, is much the same as indictment at the sessions, but more summary and effective.

"Bill of Discovery in the Court of Exchequer.—A bill of this kind a short time ago was filed against 'Fishmongers' Hall,' but for some reason or another, it proved of no avail. It is still open, however, to a similar proceeding.

“ When proceedings of any kind are instituted, all sorts of threats and persecutions are resorted to. The keepers or their agents find out the friends, relatives, and creditors (if they have any, whom they impulse to arrest) of the parties ; write anonymous letters, containing the most infamous charges ; give out they intend to transport them for perjury ; that they know what would hang them, &c.; in short, they leave nothing untried to intimidate, which avails with many ; with others, they can but compromise at last. Thus the large masses of plunder collected by the ‘ hellites’ enable them to buy off and command evidence, settle actions, smother prosecutions, and persecute those who seek to bring them to justice, paralyzing the laws as respects themselves, and putting in force others against their victims. The only effectual remedy to the evils I have enumerated, is to pass a fresh law, easy, reasonable and summary, which a broken player can with facility enforce, the end justifying the means. At present the laws are too dilatory, expensive and complicated. I would, therefore, recommend the keeping of gaming-houses to be

made a felony: magistrates to have the power, upon oath, to issue warrants of apprehension against the keepers and dealers, (most of whom are keepers,) and where necessary, against the players, to obtain necessary evidence as in other cases of felony. Such a law could not fail to have a very beneficial effect, as the 'hellites' would not be safe one moment over another. Few of them (if any at all) would be bold enough to encounter so great a risk, depending upon the forbearance of their ruined victims: and but few players to be found who would choose to lie open every minute to the pursuits of their unsuccessful and undone brethren. The pains and penalties should be fine and imprisonment,—half the fine to go to the prosecutor, as inducement to prosecutions. Besides, they should be still open to all civil actions. No bail should be taken, as the great offenders can well spare the forfeiture, to avoid farther consequences. Severity to these knaves would be mercy to thousands yet ruined, who will fall into the same vortex of wretchedness as others heretofore, unless something is done. Besides, the law would have a prospective,

and not retrospective effect, and therefore they need not render themselves liable to its provisions.

“Something of this kind ought to have been done long ago; but however tardy, it is never too late to check the flow of so much human misery from so depraved a source.

“I am, sir, your humble servant,

“EXPOSITOR.”

*London, August 26.*

“I cannot imagine,” said the Marquis of Meadowdale, after a silence of some minutes, which followed Sir Walter Mortimer’s conclusion of Sketch No. 7, “what inducement there can be for men to risk their fame and fortune upon the turn of a die, a card, the result of a fight, or the speed of a horse. The facts Mr. Cleveland discloses, are of a very deep character, and possess a painful interest, which increases in every Sketch.”

“Mr. Cleveland is evidently well read in these matters,” said the baronet, “and there

is such an air of truth and faithfulness in his various developements, that there is no ground to doubt the accuracy and precision of his details. I will answer for his sincerity, and that he would not wantonly distort a single fact."

"I quite shudder," said the marchioness, "at the startling particulars. What melancholy instances of wretchedness and folly. Such facts had better be known thus theoretically, than practically, for certainly no mind could sustain the shock, uninjured or unmoved."

"When a gentleman," said Lord Upland, "is once informed of these things, he will know how to parry every attempt that can be made to plunder him."

"I am not an advocate," added Sir Walter, "for a man of fortune to be mean and niggardly in his expenditure; but, on the contrary, a legitimate expenditure, in proportion to his income, a man is bound in duty to make, and such an expenditure gives a general en-

couragement to trade, calls into action the best efforts of the arts and sciences, and produces an incalculable benefit over the whole country, without any injury being sustained by a single person in existence ; but these practices are as knavish, as they are mischievous. To think a man capable of wasting the best energies of his mind over a gaming-table, is truly disgraceful, shocking, and contemptible."



## CHAPTER VII.

THE following morning produced to the baronet, a small packet from Mr. Cleveland.

In the evening, Sir Walter imparted its contents.

## SKETCH No. VIII.

CROCKFORD'S.—*Scene the Third.—Whist.*

*Lobby of the House of Commons.—Ten o'clock at night.*

A CALL of the house, to take into consideration the state of the country, produced, as a matter of course, a very full attendance of members. The debate was expected to be stormy, as it was one of those party questions that are occasionally raised, as a trial of

strength, between the opposition and the ministry, especially after a new election, which was the case at this period. It was of much interest at the moment, as recently there had also been a few partial changes in the government, and the division upon the resolutions would clearly show, whether the ministry had gained or had lost strength by them.

The debate was not remarkable for any particular interest, for after five or six leading speeches, that were somewhat tame, a cry of question arose, the resolutions, condemnatory of the policy of government were rejected by a very large majority, and the house "was up" much earlier than was expected.

The lobby was crowded by members, and by strangers who had been brought hither by interest or curiosity. Mr. Friske was waiting the coming out of Mr. Rosefield, a gentleman who was just of age, had very great property in the Bank of England, and possessed considerable estates in the counties of

Westmoreland, and Dorsetshire. He had not long left Cambridge to take his seat for ——, a rotten borough upon his estate, which had been represented by the family from father to son for eleven or twelve successive parliaments.

Mr. Friske had been introduced to the young gentleman at the last musical festival at York, and he then booked him for a good flat at some future period.

Mr. Rosefield took the oaths and his seat for the borough of ——, on this occasion for the first time. He was immediately recognized by Mr. Friske, who, while in the house, anxiously watched every turn of his eye, in hopes that it would glance upon him. He resorted to the only alternative left,—to wait for his retiring from the house, make himself known, and commence a town acquaintance with him.

At length, seeing Mr. Rosefield come out by the swing door, he made up to him on the instant.

“Mr. Rosefild, I prasume,” said Mr. Friske, bowing; “I am vary glad to see you make one of us. Antaring parliament so young, you have an extramely fine carair open to gratify an honourable ambition. Bee the poors, I alraidy think I hair you make a spaich that will astonish the world, and will compate with tha baist afforts of Canning and Burke.”

“You speak your wishes, sir,” said Mr. Rosefield, feeling somewhat flattered, “and I am very happy to see you in London. I have taken a house for two years in George Street, Hanover Square,—is the number, where I shall be glad if you would favour me with a visit.”

The two honourable gentlemen then exchanged cards: Mr. Friske gave his address in Brook Street. They had now, in company, descended the stairs, and got into Parliament Street, where, at the instant, Lord Hulse came up, who was on his way to the lobby to see Mr. Friske. His lordship was immediately intro-

duced to Mr. Rosefield. It was a fine night, so Mr. Rosefield sent his carriage home, and the three, arm-in-arm, soon reached Pall Mall, talking all the way about the amusements in town. In Waterloo Place, Mr. Rosefield was on the point of wishing his new friends good night, when Lord Hulse proposed going to a club of his for supper, where every thing of the best could be obtained. Mr. Rosefield did not require much invitation to go. They soon reached a large house most splendidly lit up. Mr. Rosefield expressed his admiration, which was much increased as he passed through the marble hall and was shown into the coffee-room on the right-hand and then to that on the left. The beautiful chandeliers, large pier glasses, in superb gilt frames, with curious designs, and the handsome sideboards, loaded with the most costly glass and plate, did not pass without observation. He was soon ushered into the supper-room, where his sight was quite dazzled by looking-glasses, chandeliers, plate,

cut glasses and decanters, all glittering with the glare of light emitted from an abundance of wax candles, and reflecting it again from their shining surfaces upon the surrounding gaudy objects. Some choice paintings, rich curtains, rare fruits, every delicacy in abundance; and last, though not least, the wine sparkling in the decanters,—the whole formed a *coup d'œil* of the most fascinating, dazzling, and intoxicating appearance.

Supper was soon served up, every dish, nearly, being conveyed by a separate servant in rich livery. The high-seasoned viands relished the wines, but the wine in itself looked sufficiently inviting. There was nothing wanting to give this magnificent palace of knavery and ruin, (it was to Crockford's club where this mere youth was allured,) every charm that splendour can convey, beneath which lurks unseen, but not unfelt, robbery and wretchedness.

When supper was concluded, a bottle of

ruby claret was placed upon the table, and then a second. This finished, Mr. Rosefield, sufficiently mellow, was conducted to the French hazard room. He was not so tipsy but he was at once convinced that he was at Crockford's gaming-house, about which he had heard so much. He was soon induced to take the box. Lord Hulse then went and informed Mr. Crockford who his friend was. In the meanwhile Mr. Rosefield was losing his money. At length he lost all he had. Mr. Crockford lent him five hundred pounds, to whom he applied by direction of his friends. He borrowed more and more, till he owed Mr. Crockford seven thousand pounds.

Mr. Rosefield reflected upon his loss with dismay. "Oh, I see by what means this ruinous house is supported and embellished." Then turning to Mr. Friske, who was close at his elbow, "this is paying dearly, Mr. Friske, for 'a sight of the lions' and *a good supper*."

"Bee tha poors, my dair Rosefailyd, I am

extramely sorry for your loss," said the honourable gentleman, "but you must not be faint hearted."

"Oh, no, you must not be faint hearted, my dear sir," said Lord Hulse, "you will have better luck another time. Come, what say you both to another bottle of wine? That d—d Frenchified dish, I forget its name, has made me as thirsty as the devil. Come, Rosefield, cheer up."

They returned to the supper-room. A bottle of *champagne rosé* blunted a little the keen edge of remorse which afflicted Mr. Rosefield. While the wine was going round, a gentleman-like looking man, in full dress, approached the table, and bowing with the utmost respect, said, "Mr. Crockford, sir, is extremely hurt to give you so much trouble, sir, but he would feel particularly obliged, if you would condescend to favour him with a slight memorandum for the seven thousand pounds. He would



not name it, sir, but he lends to so many in the course of the night, he would forget to whom, unless he had some acknowledgment from them."

"That is a matter of course," said Lord Hulse.

Mr. Rosefield then gave his I. O. U. for the sum, when Mr. Crockford's *creature, dressed as a gentleman*, retired, saying, "you can pay it, sir, whenever you think proper."

While this was going on up stairs, a considerable disturbance was taking place below.

"I tell you," said the porter, "Mr. Crockford don't come here now."

"I know he does," said a squalid and emaciated being, shabby-genteelly dressed.

"I say he does not," said the porter, "and if you do not go away, I will give you in charge of the watch."

"Do, if you dare," said the unfortunate gentleman.

"Oh! you shall soon see that," said the two porters, at the same time thrusting the ruined man through the passage.

"Now what is it you want?" said one of the waiters in private clothes, coming from one of the coffee-rooms, upon hearing the scuffle.

"I am Major ——," said the gentleman, "and —"

"Ah! ah! ah! yes, that is Major ——," interrupted the porters.

"Don't insult the major," said the waiter, "shut the door, and leave him to me. Now, major, tell me what it is you want?"

"I am ruined by play," said the poor major. "I lost to Mr. Crockford's bank, at No. 5, King Street, full five thousand pounds. I am in great distress. I wrote to Mr. Crockford to lend me two pounds, and I left the letter myself. I stated, I should call to-night at ten o'clock for an answer. I have been here half a dozen times, and I meet with nothing but indignity and insult. I will not put up with it."

“ I will speak to Mr. Crockford to-morrow, upon the subject, he cannot be disturbed now,” said the waiter. “ Go away quietly, that’s a good man.”

“ I must, and will have an answer to-night,” said the major, “ for I have no bed to go to.”

“ Well,” said the waiter, “ if you will go away and make no more noise, I will give you five shillings out of my own pocket.”

The major’s distress was so pressing, that he accepted the money, and went away, saying he would call again to-morrow.

“ You’re a precious fool,” said one of the porters, “ to go for to give money out of your own pocket.”

“ Oh! Crockford will return it to me,” said the waiter, “ and give me something besides, for getting rid of the major upon such easy terms.”

“ Vhat vas all that noise about?” inquired Mr. Crockford (who had been sent for in the midst of it,) of the waiter.

“ It was Major —, sir, wanting two pounds, which he wrote for yesterday,” replied the waiter.

“ Vell, give him a sowereign when he comes again,” said Mr. Crockford, upon which, Mr. Crockford returned up stairs.

While the noise continued, all the doors were kept closed to prevent any thing being overheard by the *members*. But it did not wholly escape notice.

“ What did that fel-lowe want?” said the Hon. George Foppery, who arrived just at the moment.

“ Oh, it vas only a poor man, sir,” replied Mr. Crockford, “ who vas wery drunk, and had lost his way. I have just given the poor fellow a sowereign to get rid of him.”

But to return to the three friends in the supper-room up stairs.

Mr. Rosefield wanted no farther inducement to take wine than his own inward thoughts, which became weaker and weaker upon the

subject of his loss, with every fresh goblet. Lord Hulse proposed a game of whist, and, as there were only three, to cut for dummy. Captain Welldone was not at Crockford's that evening. He was not particularly wanted, as Lord Hulse, while cards were being brought, had whispered to Mr. Friske, "to let Mr. Rosefield win a hundred or so, which would tend to raise his hopes, and put him into a good train for a *land* of importance at some other time. *We can borrow,*" added his lordship, "*two or three hundred to-morrow, upon the strength of his loss to the bank,* so we shall not be out of pocket."

By Mr. Friske's very superior management of the cards, Mr. Rosefield was made to hold the most excellent hands.

Though what he won was a mere trifle, compared to his previous losses, yet his *success* cheered his spirits.

"If I had been half as lucky at French hazard," said the honourable gentleman, upon

closing play, "I should have been well content. But I am rightly served in my losses, for gambling at all, and especially at a game I know nothing about. I never gambled for a guinea before in all my life; I have been taken completely by surprise."

"You will be more successful another time, my dear sir," said Lord Hulse. "Fortune plays us all some slippery tricks at times."

At half-past four o'clock in the morning, the three sallied forth from Crockford's hell, and parted at the top of St. James's Street, to go to their several homes, having agreed, shortly, to dine together.

Mr. Friske was enabled to throw the games away or win them at pleasure, by his long experience in the mode of *packing* and *slipping* the cards.

A description of the mode of performing these tricks at whist, a game so familiar with most persons,—will give a very fair idea, how

the same thing is effected, suitably to all other games with cards.

There is more difficulty in taking in two flats, who are engaged in a whist party, than one, therefore there are generally only one flat and three sharps who make up the hand at that game.

If it is the flat's next deal, and he is not likely to shuffle, or his partner's deal, the cards are picked up in the progress of the game into tricks—high card, low card—high card, low card;—and it is pretended that the cards are ready for dealing.

The flat himself is thus made to deal all the high cards into his opponents' hands, and all the low into his own and that of his partner's; due care being taken to have a suit for trumps, agreeing with the strength of the hands so arranged. Should the flat shuffle the cards, of course there is no packing then, but it is successfully effected when the three others deal.

When it comes to the deal of either of the opponents to a flat, the cards are picked up into tricks—low, high—low, high;—a pretence is made to shuffle, and the pack cut from the right hand. One part is put upon the other in the usual way, but with the little finger keeping the one part from the other. The attention of the flat is drawn off, when the upper part is adroitly slipped to the under, and thus the arrangement of the cards remains undisturbed. Some persons can slip so admirably, that it is often done before the eyes of a flat with perfect impunity.

In order to inspire confidence in the flat, and deceive the better, good cards are often thrown into his and his partner's hand, and apparently they are winning the game off hand, and long odds are betted upon the issue.

This object being attained, instances repeatedly occur of all the trumps and leading cards falling then into the hands on the other side, and the game, of course, secured in one deal.



If the flat takes up the tricks belonging to his side, there is no packing on his part; but there is on the other side, which is still a fearful advantage, and makes the game equally safe, but only a little longer in coming off.

“ Mr. Crockford, it would appear,” said Lord Upland, “ is very accommodating to his dupes. He feeds them well, treats them well, lends them money, and gives them their own time to pay it in.”

“ He knows the customers he has to deal with, or he would not do all that,” said Sir Walter. “ Such men as Lord Chesterton and Mr. Rosefield, whose riches are well known, he will lend to any amount in his house, *while the money is being lost to the bank*, but not out of it, without good security, such as title deeds, &c. many of which he is already in possession of. He first wins the money of men of fortune, and then lends part of it upon the security of their estates.”

"This sketch from Mr. Cleveland is very descriptive and striking," said the Marquis of Meadowdale. "The *splendid* and *genteel* robbery," continued the noble lord, with strong emphasis, and in scorn, "committed upon Mr. Rosefield up stairs, is well contrasted with the treatment an early victim to Mr. Crockford meets with down stairs. I should think, such instances must be constantly occurring."

"Often," rejoined the baronet. After a slight pause, he proceeded, "in order to get rid of a few members,\* whose visits are not

\* While the second edition of this work was preparing, this gorgeous house of destruction opened. They strove hard to impress the public with the idea, that the establishment was considered harmless, and, as a proof, it was stated with the utmost effrontery, that its members had brought their wives and daughters to view its splendour, and to grace the opening with their presence. It would really be curious to see a list of the visitors, but, there can be no hesitation in saying, that there were no ladies of character there; on the contrary, it is notorious, that cards of admission were freely distributed among a certain class of *ladies*—*les cheres amies* of men of fortune down to

wanted to the new house, it is now pretended to such persons, that it is opened upon another footing, and that all the members, by order of the committee, must again be ballotted for. This farce is enacted in order to black-ball the objectionable members, which is secretly done by the *workmen* of the hell, by which practice is secured a very choice selection of rich and weak-headed men, the most calculated to answer the base and wicked purposes for which that infamous place is opened."

the abject unfortunates who visit the Saloons of the Theatres and the Opera. Greatly to the credit of ladies of respectability, it is well known, that, without a single exception, they one and all view this gilded place of infamy, with abhorrence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE quadrille party passed off without affording any precise information respecting the extraordinary minstrel who had excited so much attention, except that Sir Walter Mortimer's suspicions were in a great degree confirmed relative to his identity with the singular person who had been so often seen lingering in Portman Square.

Saturday, the day appointed for leaving Malvern for Upland Castle, was fast approaching.

On Friday evening, the baronet produced a very short, as well as final, enclosure from Mr. Cleveland.

" No. —, *Grosvenor Place, London,*  
*Aug. 30, 18—.*

" MY DEAR SIR,

" I hope my communications have been to your wishes. By the present enclosure I now spring my last mine, at least, for some time to come. In the scenes I have described, it was utterly impossible to avoid a repetition here and there of the same sentiments. If they have conveyed some useful information, and answer the object you had in view, I am satisfied.

" I cannot have the pleasure of hearing from you before I quit England. I leave London the day after to-morrow for a tour through Switzerland and Italy. I shall be gone a twelvemonth. With the sincerest wishes for your health and happiness,

" I am, my dear sir,

" Ever yours most faithfully,

" CLEVELAND."

" *To Sir Walter Mortimer, Bart.*

*Well-house, Malvern."*

## SKETCH No. IX.

*Pigeon Matches, and Races.*

In the transactions of the *trap* and of the *course*, the deepest fraud and knavery are to be observed, as in all other sporting pursuits.

## PIGEON MATCHES.

In pigeon matches, "two birds are killed with one stone,"—the pigeon that is *bagged*, and the pigeon that is *plucked*. Two *crack* shots concert together, and make up a match to shoot at five hundred birds a piece, one hundred birds a day, for five successive days, for (nominally) one thousand sovereigns, more or less, aside. This is pompously announced in the newspapers, and through every necessary circle. All this produces a full attendance on the day of shooting. The precision with which each person fires, is very remarkable. When these pigeon matches were less in vogue than they now are, the gun used to be backed at only two to one. It is now backed

at *four* and *five* to one. Birds are missed or brought down at pleasure. One gentleman,—*a pigeon plucked*, betted upon certain shots, with one of the opponents at one of these matches, that took place in the enclosure, Red House, Battersea, till he lost twelve hundred pounds, upon the ground. He saw it was of no use to bet farther, when he offered to toss up a sovereign, “head or tail,” for fifty pounds the toss. “*Tossing is not my game*,” said the crack-shot, coolly. In fact, with him, shooting was not “the toss up of a halfpenny.” The expenses attending pigeon shooting could not be encountered, unless a certainty was made by it. The best “blue rocks,” cost four, or five-and-twenty shillings the dozen: two hundred birds a day for five days,—say sixteen dozen and eight pigeons each day, at twenty-four shillings per dozen, is just twenty pounds; which for five days, makes the sum of one hundred pounds, for pigeons alone. This is exclusive of all other expenses. Would this

enormous expense be constantly encountered upon a simple trial of skill between two celebrated shots?—No.

#### RACES.

Robberies upon the turf have been long proverbial. The most extensive, are those committed by the three great races,—the Derby, at Epsom,—the Oaks, at Newmarket,—and the St. Ledger, at Doncaster. Horses are entered for months, nay years, before the days of racing. Every species of deception is then set on foot to gull and deceive. Tattersall's lists,—trials of speed, &c. are all brought to bear to answer the deep-laid schemes of the great knowing ones. Horses that are intended shall win, are generally kept back, and those which are to lose are generally thrust forward as favourites, though they occasionally change places to mystify the proceedings the better. At these great races, all the bets are P. P., which means, that if the horses, die, are ill and



do not start, all bets upon such horses are lost, and those bets against them win. These P.P. bets are dead robberies. When a horse, whose speed is ascertained to excel that of those against which it will run, and it has not been backed by the knowing ones, every manœuvre is put in practice, either to prevent its starting or to check its speed, if it does start. After exercise it is brought home heated, and at night a damp or wet cloth is put over the poor creature's loins, which affects its wind, and gives it a cough and cold. Since Dawson (who was only the agent of richer and deeper villains,) was hung for poisoning some horses at Newmarket, some years ago, every thing is done, short of killing the poor animals, to effect the object.\* When two horses are only placed

\* In order to shew how well these things are understood in the sporting world, we shall extract the following clever scene from the recently published novel of "*Herbert Milton*:"—

“ Diadem is first favourite, is he not, for the thousand guinea

to run, one jockey is bribed to lose the race, as will tally best with certain bets that are laid, which generally turns out to be the horse against which the smallest odds are laid. The

stakes?" said Herbert: "I have ventured, however, to bet against him."

"Then take my word, and bet on him; you must hedge off that."

"Oh, I do not much care; it is only a few pounds, and he may not win; he may be amiss, or something."

"Amiss!" said Alfred, staring at his cousin, "why how the devil did you find that out?"

"Find what out?" answered the other; "I know nothing about him, only these things do happen now and then."

"Come, come, Berty, that won't do," rejoined Alfred laughing; "confess you are in the secret."

"Upon my word, I am not;" said Herbert.

"Well, then," replied his cousin, "if you will promise me to keep it, and not mention Emily's name again to-day, I will let you into a good thing."

"I think you may trust me," answered Herbert; "but as for Emily—"

"What, again!" exclaimed Alfred; "repeat the dose and I am *bouche close*."

"Harkye; the Diadem colt is first favourite at odds, and

knowing ones will bet, that the winner of the Derby does not win the Oaks or the St. Ledger, though that winner will have to run against nearly the same horses for either race.

Rapid cannot get any money on the race; so there is to be a screw."

"Why they're not going to play any tricks with him to make him lose, are they?" demanded Herbert.

"Oh, no: but I had a letter this morning, before we started, from the training-groom, who has let me into the plot, and whether it succeeds or not the horse must win; he never was more sound in his lifetime."

"Well, then, what is to be done?" demanded Herbert.

"Simply this—you dine with Rapid to-day, do you not?" replied Alfred.

"Yes, and so do you, I understand," answered Herbert.

"Well then, after dinner you will see his groom come in, and declare the colt to be amiss, though he is as sound as a tree; the party will break up almost immediately—the odds will change directly—the report of the Diadem being 'not right,' will be all over Newmarket in a couple of hours—Rapid's agents take all the odds they can against him—an express carries the intelligence to London—the legs will bite, and all those who are fools enough to alter their books will be thrown over. The horse starts—wins of course."

If the winner of the Derby appears sure, if it starts for the other stakes, to win in a canter, which will not exactly suit the books of certain persons, the horse is either sold with the sti-

Herbert, who had listened with considerable impatience and surprise to the narration of this very honourable scheme, now exclaimed, "Surely, Alfred, you will not take advantage of this nefarious trick. I have heard of a good deal of manœuvring on the turf, but this exceeds every idea I had formed of racing roguery. Is it possible that a man, styling himself a gentleman, can have planned such a deception?"

"Why, I declare, my good fellow," rejoined Alfred, "you are much too good to live in such a wicked world as this. Why Love, Herbert, has turned your head into a conventicle;—where have your eyes and ears been, that you are thus ignorant that tricks of this kind are mere every-day occurrences on the turf—at least, among the initiated."

"But surely, Alfred, there is no occasion for your taking advantage of a plan which you yourself must condemn?"

"What is the use of being honest on such occasions, Herbert?" demanded Alfred: for instance, where should I have been to-morrow morning, if Jack Bates had not let me into the hoax? why, I should have been bit among the first, and severely too, I promise you; and in fact, if I do not take advantage of the thing, somebody else may; so, prithee, Herbert, no more ser-

pulation that it is not to run for a given race, or against a given horse, when all P. P. bets upon that horse are at once lost, or, by some underhand dealings, it is prevented winning.

mons, or by George! you shall mount the Duke's stand, between the races and give a specimen of your lectures to the grooms, jockeys, and legs. I declare, Herbert, when you die, I will have both our busts carved by Chantry, and placed over our family tomb;—yours with the line 'too good to stay on earth, the best are ta'en away;—and under mine, 'the worst are left, too bad to take away.'"

"Why, Alfred, you must excuse my ignorance," rejoined Herbert; "I know so little of these matters; but it really does look odd, to say the least of it, to a novice."

"Well, all I ask is, keep your countenance at dinner, and my secret afterwards; you may accept all the odds at the rooms to-night, they will not suspect you as a green one, and will, I dare say, accommodate you to any amount."

Their conversation was here interrupted by their arrival on the heath, where Alfred's groom, with his master's cob and spy-glass, and a pony for Herbert, was in waiting. Springing from the carriage, the two young men were on horseback in a moment, and immediately galloped off to join the parties which were already assembling. "How do, Alfred?" "Ah! what! you at Newmarket, Herbert?" was echoed from fifty mouths, as the

Some noblemen and gentlemen have the extreme folly to employ certain men, who have raised themselves from a very low sphere of life by such practices, to make bets for them,

consins drew near the scene of action. The former approached on the head of his nag, as close as possible into one of the circles formed round the principal betting men, where he forthwith offered, accepted, and booked a variety of bets, and then left them to join one of the trainers on a distant part of the heath, where, with one hand leaning on the mane of the scrambling bit of blood on which the man was mounted, and the other busied in the pocket of his own great coat, whilst the reins of his snaffle hung loose on the neck of his cob, he continued for some time in deep and earnest conversation, with a countenance as serious as if the fate of Europe depended on the opinion of the red-nosed oracle whom he was consulting. In the mean time, Herbert, who had only betted a trifling sum, sufficient to excite some interest on each race, was highly amused by the novelty of a scene so different from any thing he had witnessed at Epsom, Ascot, or any other provincial races which he had attended.

Drawing close to the side of the circle where all the business was carrying on, and where the destinies of thousands were decided upon in a few seconds, he heard the various 'high priests of the betting book' uttering their oracular offers. "Three to one against the Martin colt!" "I take it." "Done! Hun-

depending upon their *superior* judgment, promising them a per centage, upon winning, and, of course, paying the whole of the bets upon losing, the latter issue being what those stupid

dreds, of course?" "A thousand to four hundred against the favourite for the twenty-five guinea stakes!"—"Ail take faive to fore Diadem don't win the thousand guinea stakes!"—"Done, my Lord! hundreds."—"Aid rather make it thousands, aif eets all the same to you."—"Done! very well, I'll book it. Will your lordship bet any thing on the sweepstakes?"—"Ai don't laik the odds as they stand; gaive me another paynt, and ail taik the maire."—"Seven to four! I can give you no more"—"Vairy good, aim content!" drauled out his lordship, with the nasal twang of a parish clerk.

"Forty to ten Velluti does not start for the produce!"—"Seven to two the Duke does not win the plate!"—"Another point, and I'll take it.—Done."—"Ponies?"—"Rouleaux, if you please!"—"Good, book it."—"Twenty to three against Toper, for the Claret!"—"The sister to Brocard's amiss!"—"Pantaloon broke his knee coming home from his sweat;" and so on, *ad infinitum*, as the different legs or sportsmen speculated on their information or real knowledge of the different horses engaged in this and subsequent meetings.

Here were none of those long files of splendid equipages filled with beautiful and joyous countenances, utterly indifferent to

noblemen and gentlemen generally have to attend to.

“The deep tone of feeling,” said the Marquis

the issue of the Races. Here were none of those gay beaux, with their hands resting on the carriage doors, offering harmless bets of a dozen of Houbegon’s best gloves against silken watch cord, carving out half-crown lotteries, or desiring the fair speculators to make the choice of three favourites, and taking to themselves some horse already drawn. Here were no symptoms of love,—all was Mammon. Here were no squadrons of plebeian vehicles crammed with dense masses of cider-drinking, ham-devouring rustics. Here were no exhibitions of the hereditary pride and grandeur of country gentlemen’s “turns out;” no rivalry of new bonnets and spencers; no explosions of ginger-beer and bottled porter; no screams of “now, blue jacket! now, white-cap!” “I’ll have the striped one for a rump and a dozen, against the one with the red nose!” Here all was eager and earnest business. The few equipages which were on the ground belonged to half-a-dozen neighbouring peers or gentry, who had parties at their houses, or who merely came from town for the occasion; whilst the fair inmates of these unostentatious vehicles appeared as curious and as much absorbed in the business of the day, as their relatives on their cobs. Knots of speculators, with anxiety and seriousness depicted in their countenances, might



of Meadowdale, when the baronet had finished Mr. Cleveland's last Sketch, " exhibited in your friend's communications, stamp them with an air of authenticity and truth, and does

be seen at various points. Here was a trainer with his gouty shoe and blue-bottle nose, the result of good living, in earnest and secluded conversation with his employer. Here two or three confederates were lecturing their jockey. There might be seen the noble owner of some extensive stud, whose parliamentary or official duties allowed him little time to enter into the details of his racing establishment, receiving the report of his stables from the gentleman groom appointed to superintend the conduct of the trainers, jockeys, and grooms, and upon whose science or tact depends the success of the stable, much more than upon the speed of the noble animals under his care.

There might be observed a parcel of dwarfish stable urchins, with roguish looks, a bottle of water, a suit of horse-clothing, and a saddle, in readiness to give an impertinent answer to any question addressed to them. On various and distant parts of the Heath, some of the beautiful animals, on whose efforts the sports of the day depended, might be seen wrapped up in their clothing, singly or in pairs, and accompanied by two or three attendants, endeavouring with mysterious caution to avoid the public gaze, and answering with a laconic " I don't know," in reply to the usual " What horse is that ?" of some ignorant spectator. There

equal credit to his head and to his heart. Upon your friend's coming to England, you must do us the favour, Mortimer, of introducing us to him."

a jockey, mounted on a broken down thorough-bred hack, or rough pony, with his thin leathers, wafer-thick boots, rough great coat, and light saddle slung round his loins, might be seen approaching the weighing-house, his nose and his nag being the only indications of there being any blood in the veins of either.

Here were none of those delays incidental to other races—precision and punctuality to a moment. No sooner had the signal for starting for each race been given, than the cry of "They are off!" was heard; and almost before Herbert could tell in which direction, or which of the numerous courses they were running, the horses were already at the bushes, and in a second or two more, the murmur of "The Duke has lost!" or "the Marquis has won!" announced that thousands of pounds had already changed proprietors. As soon as the sports of the day were at an end, the consins repaired to the lodging provided for them in the town, and then proceeded to fulfil their engagements with Mr. Rapid, the owner of the Diadem colt. The party entirely consisting of sporting-men, with the exception of Herbert and one or two foreign noblemen, who had come down to make purchases for their studs in Mecklenburg or Holstein, and as the conversation ran on no other topic than the events of the day,

“ You will find him, my lord, a gentleman worthy your attention,” said Sir Walter.

“ Mr. Cleveland,” said Lord Upland, “ has been so very minute, clear, and particular, that

and the probable results of the remainder of the Meeting, it would afford little interest to the non-readers of the Sporting Magazine or Racing Calendar. The colt was, however, the general theme of praise and speculation: the certainty of its winning appeared placed beyond a doubt; and in proportion as the host's old port and claret went down, his young horse rose. Indeed, before a dozen of Lafitte had been despatched, the odds in his favour had risen to plenty of bettors, but no takers. Before the evening was far advanced, or even the time arrived for the party to adjourn to the Rooms, the event for which Herbert had been prepared took place. The butler came in with a grave face, and whispered in his master's ear, loud enough for every one to hear, “ Bolter, Sir, wishes to see you directly: he says he wants to speak to you alone.”

“ Alone! Nonsense!” was Mr. Rapid's reply. “ Some of his old humbug: if he has any thing to say, let him come in.” And then, as the butler retired from the room to deliver the message, Mr. Rapid exclaimed, “ There never was such a tiresome fellow as Bolter: he plagues my life out, about nonsensical trifles; and if I were to believe him, there is not a horse in my stable worth twopence.”

we shall be spared the very disagreeable necessity of paying a personal visit to the disgusting scenes of these adventures, which we originally designed to do. I feel deeply in-

Mr. Bolter was now announced.

"Well, Bolter!" exclaimed the host, "what is the matter now?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing; only I want to speak a word to you alone," answered the trainer, with a face of as much sorrow and gravity, as if he had lost his place.

"Alone! nonsense! if you have anything to say, speak out, we are all friends here; we are all in the same boat; so out with it."

"Well, Sir," answered the man, casting a suspicious look round the room, and hesitating, "the colt arn't right, he's amiss; he is, by G—, Sir."

"*Amiss!*" exclaimed Mr. Rapid, with a look and voice of consternation; and then, after throwing down a bumper of claret—"Amiss, Bolter! I don't believe a word of it: that is always your way,—you have played me this trick twenty times. I don't believe it, it can't be!"

"Well, Sir," replied the man, "it's my duty to tell you what I think; and if that don't suit you, Sir, you had better look out for somebody else to manage the stable."

"I don't want any of your remarks, Mr. Bolter," rejoined the

debted to your friend, Sir Walter; he has completely opened my eyes, by the information he has laid before us, and has awakened

master; "therefore, pray leave the room, and we'll settle the matter to-morrow."

"Hugh!" grunted out the man, with well-feigned sulkiness, as he left the room: "Don't hedge, that's all; I wouldn't have a penny on it!"

It was evident, in despite of Mr. Rapid's attempts to tranquilize his guests, who were all deeply engaged on the colt, that the plan had taken full effect; and indeed, although Herbert was aware of it, it was so admirably acted, that he could scarcely believe it to be a trick. In a few minutes, there was a general cry of "No more claret! no more, no more!"—and in fact, without waiting for coffee, the whole party simultaneously broke up. Whilst the cry for hats and great coats was intermingled with exclamations and execrations of, "D—n that fool Rapid, for being so certain!"—"I'm well in for eight thousand!"—"Too late to hedge!"—"I'll never back another horse of his as long as I live!" and so forth. Leaving Rapid, who appeared lost in well-feigned anger and disappointment, to enjoy his joke. Herbert adjourned with the two foreigners to the Rooms, where, before they arrived, the intelligence of the colt's being amiss was already the topic of discussion, and more than one express was sent off to London to announce the event.

sentiments of disgust and horror in my mind upon the subject of gaming and gamblers, which will ever induce me to avoid the society of those tainted with so wretched and disgraceful a vice, as I would avoid the plague."

"To hear you speak thus Henry," said the noble marquis, "affords me more real pleasure than I could have anticipated."

The sentiments expressed by Lord Upland gave his family the greatest satisfaction. Sir Walter Mortimer was also highly gratified by the thought that he had been instrumental in implanting so firm a principle in the young lord, by adhering to which, he was enabled, subsequently, to pursue a career equally honourable to himself and serviceable to his country.

By six o'clock on the following morning the major part of the servants had left Malvern, to order arrangements at given places, for the convenience and comfort of the noble family, on their way to Upland Castle.

The noble party had made the most liberal presents to different charitable establishments, in the neighbourhood, according to their magnitude, and to many poor families around.

At twelve o'clock, this united and happy family, accompanied by the baronet, left the Well-house, amid the blessings and cheers of many persons, who had been collected at the spot by the news of their intended departure.

Towards night-fall of the following day they had reached within sixteen miles of the old, and time-defying castle.

Lord Upland, who preferred riding outside, and giving up his seat to Sir Walter, directed the notice of the travellers within, to the illuminated appearance of the atmosphere. As the shade of night grew deeper, the hills around appeared to be on fire. The servants had mentioned at different places where they stopped, the near approach of the Marquis of Meadowdale and family. The news soon became known in every direction upon their

route. The peasantry determined to evince, in the best possible way they could, their respect for a family that was adored throughout Wales. At the towns they were greeted with the hearty cheers of large assemblages of people, and now immense bonfires crowned the hills to testify their joy at their coming. They were literally lit by them all their way to the castle. The outside of the gates was crowded with peasantry, who rent the air with their loud greetings, as the carriage slowly came up the eminence. The large entrance room of the outer tower, which was the only entry to the castle, was lined with the domestics who were stationary there, and those who had arrived from town. They participated fully in the joy of the people without, and as the noble party passed on to the main body of the castle, they could not refrain from manifesting their delight, by joining them in one long, loud, and cheering shout, which echoed again among the surrounding hills.



The day following their arrival, proving remarkably fine, it was spent in strolls about the grounds of the castle, and short excursions beyond its walls.

Nothing could surpass, for romantic beauty, its situation. It stood upon a small hill, in a sort of amphitheatre of gentle undulations, opening to the sea.

Shortly after their arrival at the castle, Sir Walter Mortimer declared the nature of his sentiments for the accomplished Lady Eliza, which he was delighted to find received in such a manner, as to afford him the utmost satisfaction.

The next day, by her ladyship's permission, a formal communication upon the subject was made by the baronet, to the heads of her noble family, who received it with countenance and favour.

The marriage of Sir Walter Mortimer, Bart. and Lady Eliza Mary Dawn, soon after, was announced through all the papers. The talk

which it occasioned speedily gave way to something new, but the happiness and bliss of the amiable pair, seemed to increase with time.

A short time after the marriage was publicly announced, a morning paper contained the following paragraph :

“ Lord Viscount Hartly, son of the Earl of Tiviotdale, left London yesterday for the continent, where, it is supposed, his lordship will remain some time. The tour, it is mentioned, is undertaken in order to remove a deep and settled melancholy that has overspread the mind of the young lord, which has become more remarked, since the marriage of a northern baronet with a certain accomplished and beautiful young lady, the daughter of an amiable nobleman, who does not live a hundred miles from Portman Square. The silent affection, in which the interesting young nobleman indulged, corresponds more with what we read of in romance, rather than in what takes

place in our sober days. The exploits of the romantic youth, last autumn, down at Malvern, will not soon be forgotten by the inhabitants of that neighbourhood."

THE END.

---

London: Printed by Lowe & Harvey, Playhouse-yard, Blackfriars

of the  
perm.  
ts of



**This book should be returned to  
the Library on or before the last date  
stamped below.**

**A fine of five cents a day is incurred  
by retaining it beyond the specified  
time.**

**Please return promptly.**

Widener Library



3 2044 089 606 529